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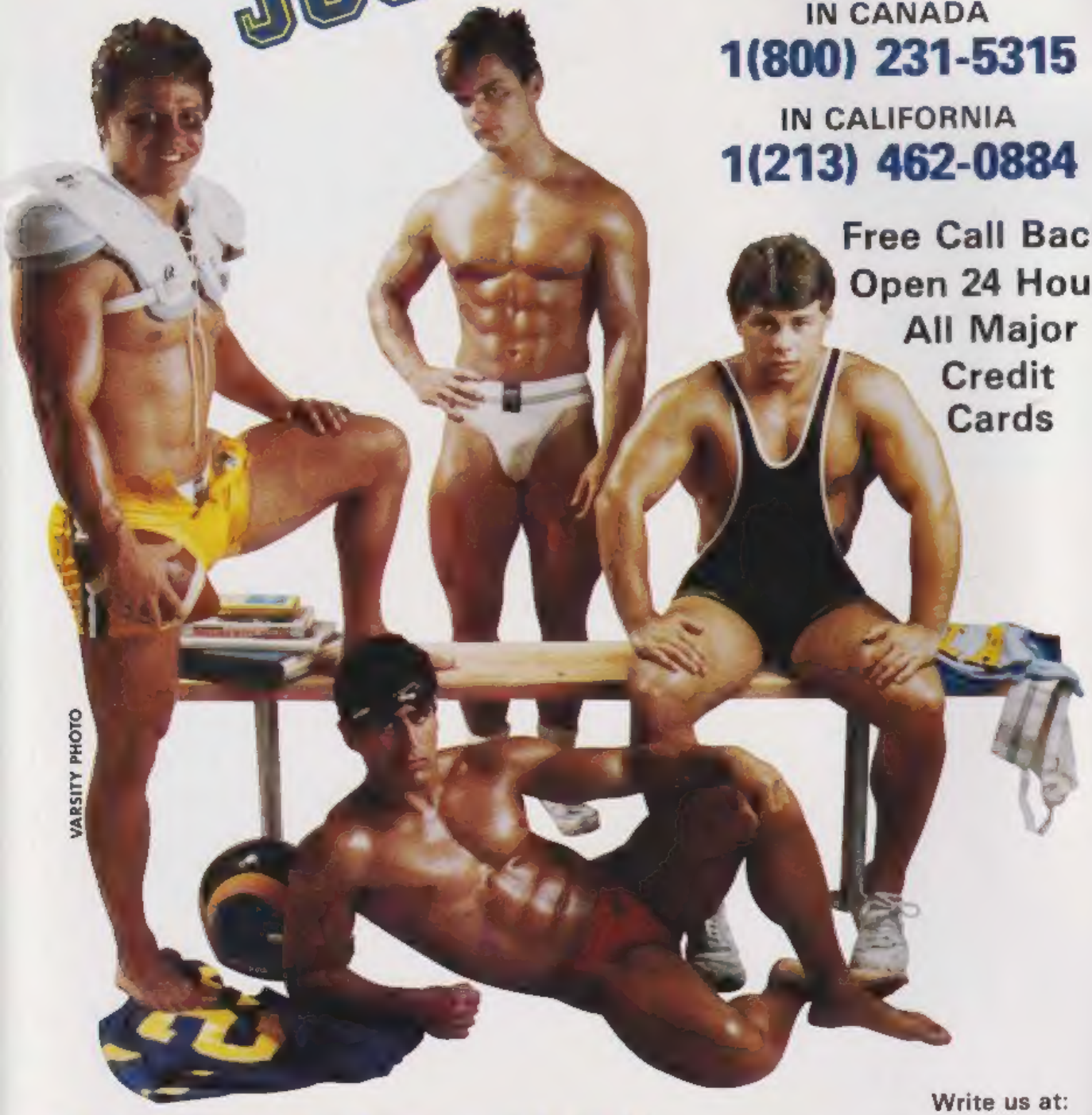

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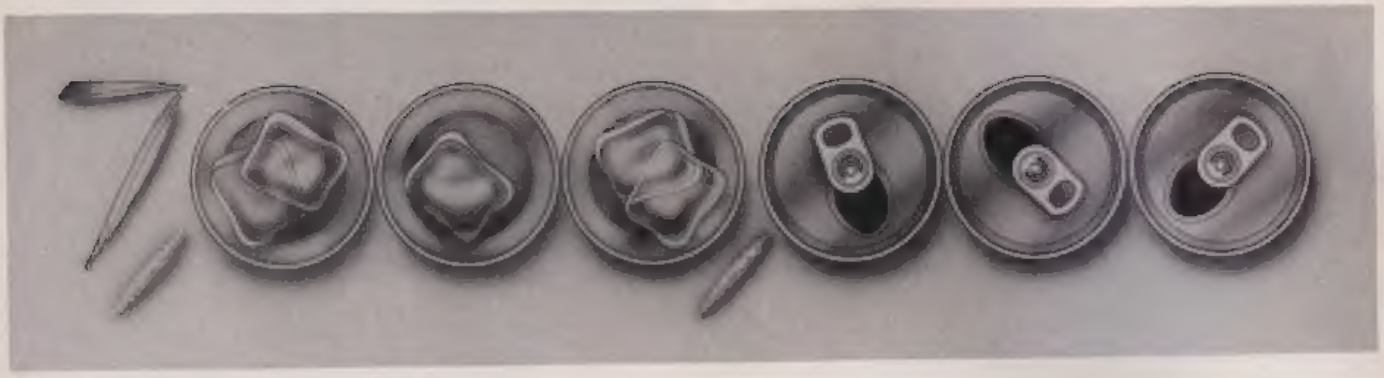

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HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

SEPTEMBER 1986
VOLUME 9 • NUMBER 6

COVER BY KRISTEN BJORN

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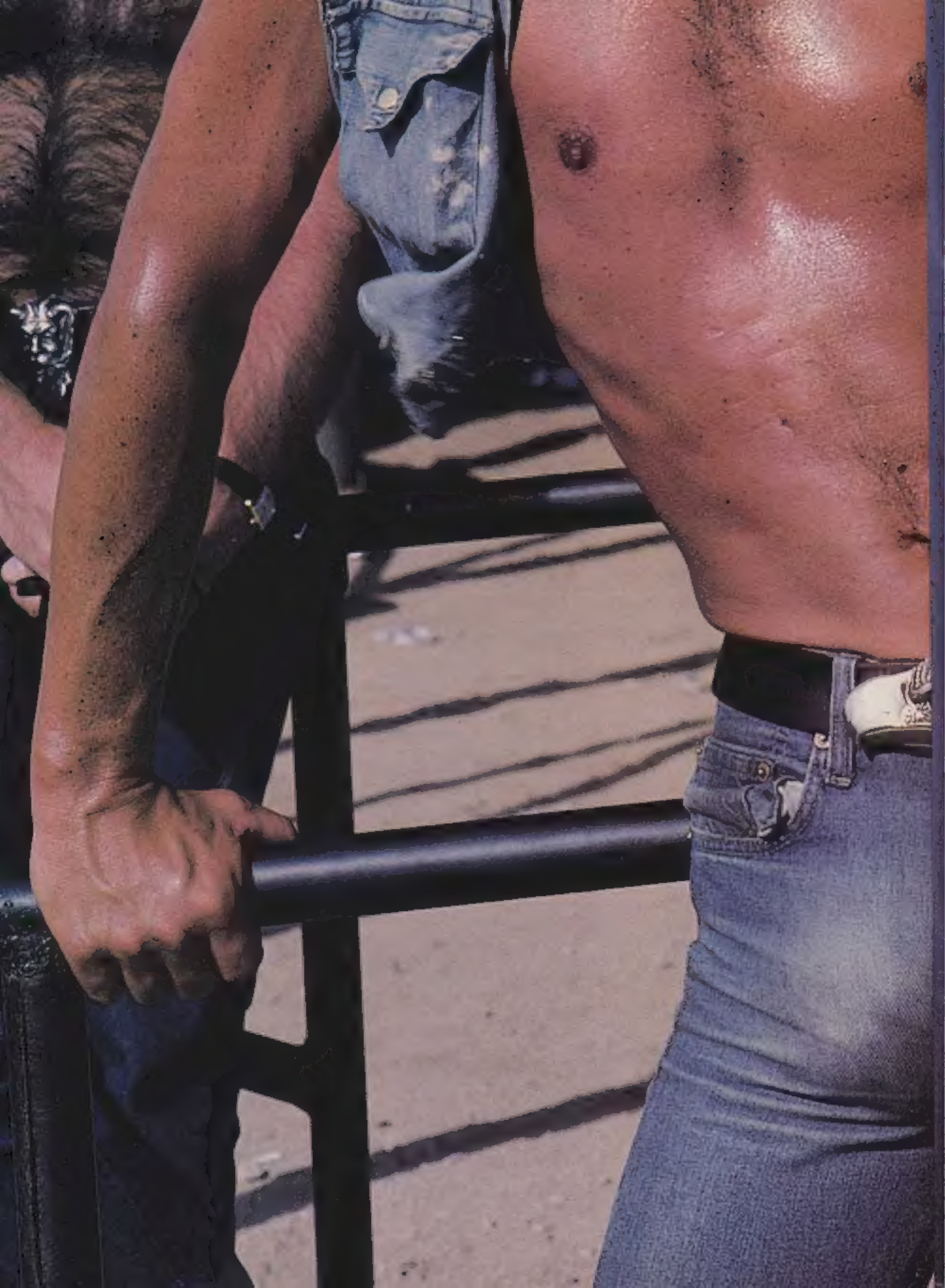

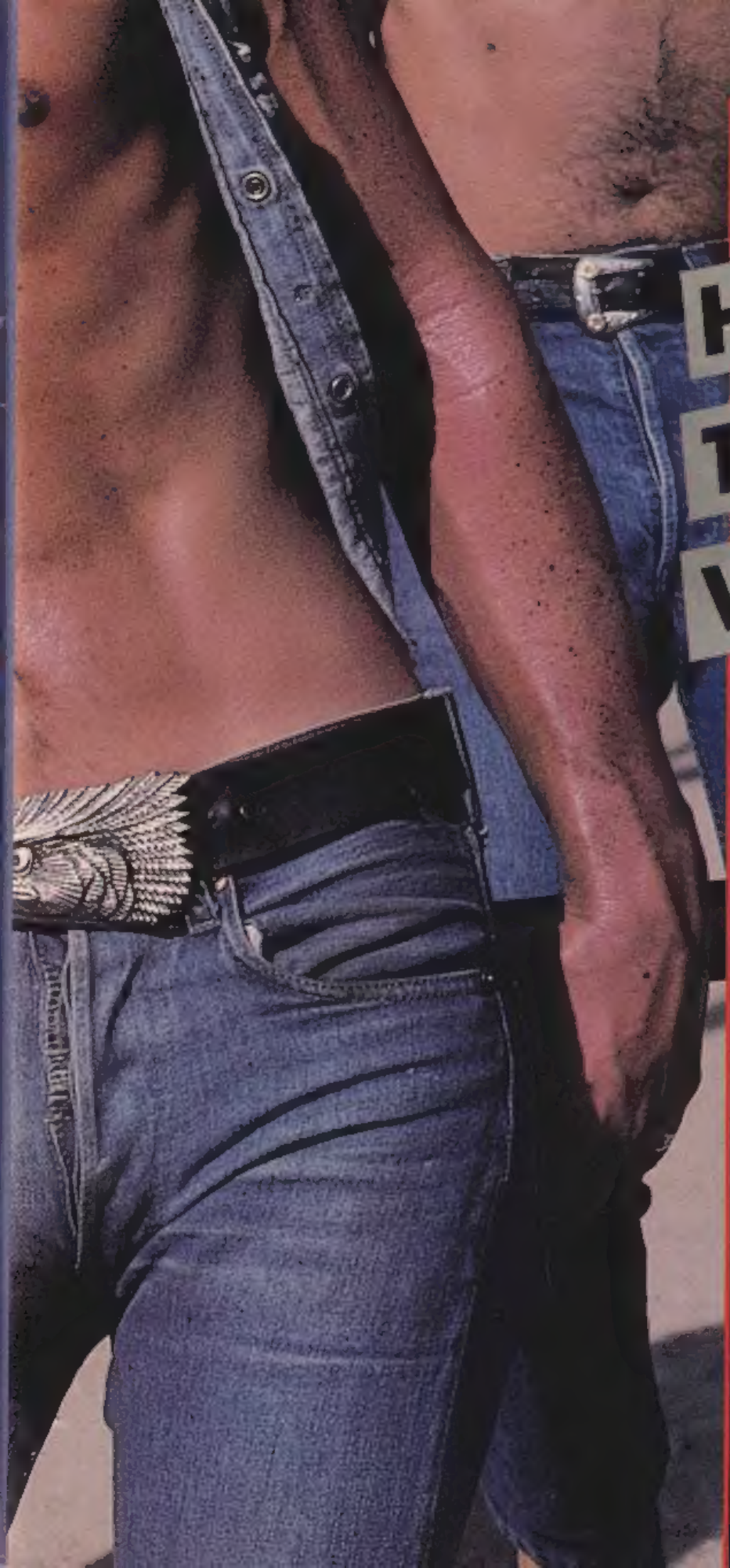

HOW THE WEST WAS WON

BY DANA SUMMER

PHOTO BY CITYBOY

The whole crazy thing began one night about three months ago when I was making my weekly ritual visit to the one and only "adult bookstore" in our not very big Midwestern city. In addition to a really awful selection of softcore magazines, sealed in plastic to discourage browsing and placate the local gendarmes, the joint has about a dozen sleazy, smelly booths with coin-operated videos. One of them features a gay j/o flick—of the worst possible quality, naturally, since the place is straight-owned.

That night, as I passed the homo booth, I noticed that the door was slightly ajar. I paused to take a peek inside, fully expecting to see one of the regulars, like the desk clerk from the hotel or the hairdresser from the Cut-n-Curl, trying in vain to get an erection out of his tired dick. Instead, much to my surprise and sheer delight, I found myself nose to nose with a strapping young farm boy.

I stood there mesmerized by the luscious hunk beating the living daylights out of his incredible cock as he watched the action on the back of the booth door. He was so absorbed in the film and in jerking off that horse cock that he didn't notice me staring at him pop-eyed. Nor did he miss so much as a half beat when he had to pop another quarter in the slot to keep the movie going.

By the fourth quarter, I was drooling all over my jacket and sweating from the arm

I was afraid I would be lonely when I moved out west. I thought I'd have to be content just watching those hot cowboys from afar. Then I met one of those big-dicked studs and discovered his weakness: watching video porn. So, I invited him over to my house . . .

holes to the cuffs of my shirt. Abruptly, the cowboy stopped jerking off and uttered a loud "son of a bitch." At first I couldn't imagine what had happened, but then it dawned on me: he had used his last quarter.

As he began, with great difficulty, to force his massive meat back into his tight jeans, I quickly moved aside and prepared to make my pitch. When he finally emerged, his dick tucked in but straining mightily to get out again, I was ready.

"How's the movie?" I asked, trying to sound casual and failing utterly.

"Okay, if it didn't keep fucking stopping so fucking much," he replied, giving me an appraising look.

"Feel like seeing one that doesn't stop?"

He hesitated so long I thought he was going to say thanks but no thanks. Then I saw his rod jerk impatiently against the denim. "You got one?"

It just so happens I'm on the mailing list of every porn purveyor from New York to L.A. and quite a few places abroad. My collection is large enough and diverse enough to satisfy anyone's desires.

On the way to my apartment, which was just a few short blocks away, the hunk asked me how much I charged. That was so unexpected that it damned near blew my mind. What I had on my mind was a hot session with the farm boy's wang thoroughly choking me and probably dislocating my jaw while he watched one of my finest fuck films. What the farm boy had in mind was to do precisely the same thing that he had been doing in the booth, without the film stops and quarter pops.

In our town, turning away a big, juicy dick—no matter what restrictions its owner places on what you can do with it—is simply not done, unless you are certifiably insane. So the hunk and I struck a deal. For ten bucks I'd let him watch my movie and he'd let me watch him. Actually, I'd have gladly paid him ten bucks just to see supercock in action again.

When we got to my apartment, I offered

"Listen," he said after he shot his load watching my movie, "I got some buddies on the ranch who would really enjoy this. Would you wanna give me your phone number or something?" I'd give my number to every ranch hand in the state; they could print it in the fucking Farmer's Almanac if I could get more sessions like this one, I thought. "Sure, why not?" I said calmly as I started to write . . .

him a beer, but he declined and headed straight for the video cassette cabinet next to the TV. He made a selection, and I loaded it. As soon as the movie started, so did he. Down came his zipper; out came his club. Even soft it was enormous. He stood directly in front of the screen and began to flop it up and down like it was a long slab of soft salami. Immediately it began to stiffen again. By the time the opening credits were over, he was whacking off as furiously and intently as when I first saw him at the porn shop.

I settled down comfortably on the couch and felt my own cock gradually harden as I beheld the biggest piece of man meat I'd ever imagined—much less actually seen—getting such a fierce workout it was damned near a blur. It occurred to me that my frenetic friend was totally oblivious to my presence, just as he had been at the peep show, so I decided to get a little action going with my own joint. I tried to be quiet and unobtrusive as I unzipped and tugged it out, but I needn't have bothered. Wild Bill *Hick-cock* wouldn't have noticed it if an Amtrak train had gone down the hall beside the living room.

I've got a good-size cock myself—a solid seven—but it looked absurdly small compared with the truncheon the farm boy was working on. Not that I would ever want one that huge. It was great to look at, and I must admit I desperately wished I could at least try to get it in my mouth, but it was unquestionably too gigantic for most of the fun and games we're all so fond of.

What a scene! On the screen, a gorgeous black giant was ramming his massive ebony club into the tight, white ass of a cherubic looking blond-haired boy. Watching the TV fuck scene, Mr. Pummel Prick was pounding faster by the minute. And on the couch there was little ole me, watching him pound and at the same time enjoying my own slow-motion jack-off.

All of a sudden, I noticed that every superb muscle in my hunk's body had grown taut. The next thing I knew a jet stream of hot cum began to erupt from his bursting cock. I couldn't believe the way it happened: as glob after glob of thick, pearlescent cream spurted from his engorged cockhead, it shot through the air in a perfect arc and landed right on target in the cupped palm of his extended hand. After about twenty copious spurts, he finally stopped shooting, and the remaining drops of cum slid over the crest of his cock and ran slowly down the lengthy shaft.

I expected him to ask for a towel, but no way. With a dreamy, glazed look on his face, he carefully raised his cupped palm to his mouth, as if it were a goblet of elixir, and began to slurp up the gobs of gorgeous goo it held. When he had drunk all he could from the cup, he extended his fingers; one by one he licked them off until he had swallowed every last droplet.

Only then did he turn his head to look at me. As it happened, just when he did my load began to shoot. When the crazy bastard saw my jizm flying, he quickly moved closer and managed to catch that in his hand, too. I didn't fill it up as much as he had, but it was still a respectable wad of vanilla custard, and he still seemed to have an appetite. As he licked his fingers for the second time, I sat with my eyes bugging out in disbelief.

Finally, when the last of my juice was completely lapped off his glistening fingers, he actually looked at me for the first time. Slowly, the dreamy, glazed look on his face transformed into an angelic boyish grin.

"Jeez man, that was really great!" he said happily. I could barely manage to grunt "uh huh" before I headed to the john for towels.

When I returned, I found that a second towel was not necessary after all. My cum-eating buddy had already tucked away that fantastic cock, zipped up his jeans, pulled out his wallet, and was standing there with a ten-dollar bill in his hand.

"Are you sure this is enough?" he asked. "I know those movies cost a lotta dough."

"No problem. Ten is fine."

"Listen," he said, "I got some buddies on the ranch who would really dig seeing some of your movies. Would you wanna give me your phone number or something?"

Would I wanna! I'd like nothing better than to give my telephone number to every ranch hand in the whole damned state. They could print it in the fucking *Farmer's Almanac* if I could get more sessions like this one.

"Sure. Why not," I said as calmly as I could. I quickly, but oh-so-legibly, wrote down my number on a sheet of paper and handed it ot him.

"I guess I'd better be going now, uh . . ." he hesitated.

"Rick," I said.

"Rick. Nice to meetcha, Rick. Like I said, I gotta get going. I'll be giving you a call though, and so will my buddies."

I walked with him to the door and unlatched it to let him out. "By the way, I didn't get *your* name."

"Oh yeah," he laughed. "I guess I forgot, My name is John."

After he left, I removed the cassette from the VCR and sat down to think about what had just happened. All of a sudden I started to roar with laughter. Not only had I had a fucking fantastic time, but I'd just started a business. And to top it off, my first customer's name was John!

The following day my telephone started to ring before I was even out of bed. By four o'clock in the afternoon I had scheduled hourly appointments starting at six and going until two a.m. Either John was a super salesman or there were an awful lot of horny studs in the cowboy business. I didn't really expect them all to show up, but there wasn't a single no-show that night or any night since.

As I said, that was almost three months ago. Since then I've been booked solid every night except Christmas. That night I had only two customers, but I made up for it on New Year's Eve by scheduling them every 45 minutes. Altogether I've cleared

Continued to page 28

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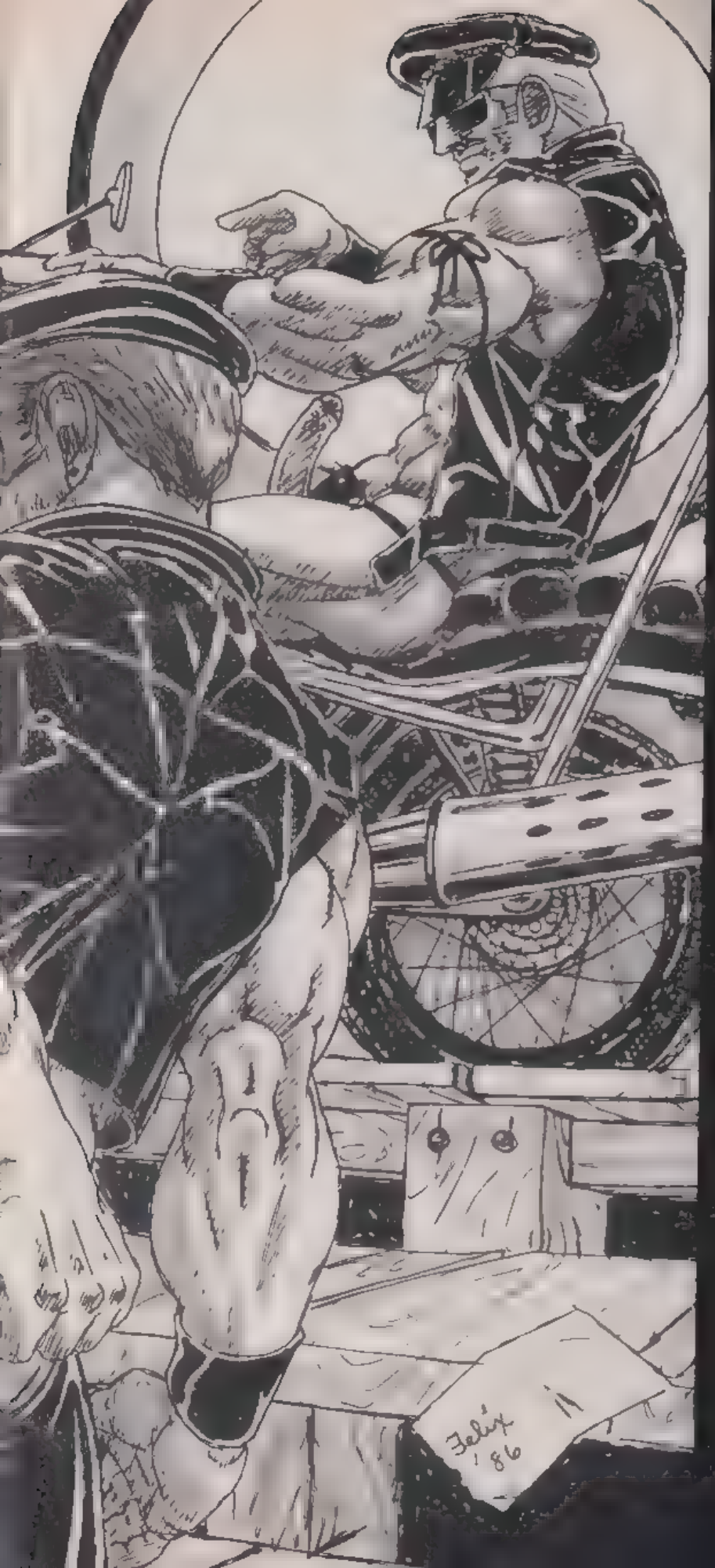

BIKE RUN

BY CHRISTOPHER GAYLORD

ART BY FELIX IRIZARRY

"...fuck you, Morgan!" Burton yelled as he pulled ahead of me on his Harley. Sunlight glinted off the fiercely polished chrome tailpipe. With the wind whistling in my ears, I didn't believe what I'd heard. This was my first run with the CS Bikers Club and I wanted to make a good impression. But no son-of-a-bitch was going to scream obscenities at me for the hell of it—even if that son-of-a-bitch *was* the club's president!

I hit the throttle and came up beside him. "What'd you say?" I growled back at him. My eye caught the tattoo on his muscled arm—a little fire-breathing dragon that tried hard to appear menacing.

"I said, 'When we get to camp tonight, I'm gonna *fuck you!*' " He barked out the last two words to be sure I'd hear him right over the purr of the motorcycles.

And hear him right I did. "In fact," he was still hollering, "I plan to fuck your livin' brains out!" Now that was a whole different story!

Jesus! It seemed everybody on this motorcycle run (to say nothing of Southern California in general) wanted to make it with Jim Burton. And here he was telling me he was going to fuck *my* brains out! My cock twitched nervously in my Levi's.

I looked over at that handsome dude riding beside me, and I could see why he was easily the most popular, sought-after leader the CS Bikers'd ever had. His wavy blond hair was blown back by the wind, and even with his arms relaxed on the handlebars of that gleaming Harley of his, the curve of his tattooed biceps hinted at the beauty of the rest of him. Sitting astride his bike he carried such an attitude of masculine authority, I couldn't help thinking of that old bit of motorcycle lore about the four kinds of bikers: Harley owners, Gold Wing owners, BMW owners—and the rest of us. With that sensual image he was projecting, Jim was definitely a Harley owner. And me—with my Honda CB1000 Custom tucked solidly between my legs—I was one of "the rest of us."

This was the biggest run of the year for the cycle club, and it was always noted for its bashes: much fucking and sucking in camp, lots of free dope, and a hell of a floor show each night—X rated, I understood.

Burton glanced at me sideways, his lip curling into a half-smile. Then with a slight jerk of his head, he gave his bike the throttle and left me eating Harley dust. We both knew I could have made mincemeat of him with my CB1000, but I didn't want to chance wrecking that butch image he had worked on so hard just now setting up our fuck date for tonight. Hell, I didn't even mind being a bottom once in a while for someone as foxy as Jim Burton. And who knows, I thought, my cock tightening again at the prospect of the encounter, he might just get *his* ass plowed, too! After all, I had a reputation as an ass man myself, and I was pretty sure Burton knew it.

I watched with amusement as Mr. Macho disappeared in the cluster of bikes ahead of me. This was the biggest run of the year for the club, and it was always noted for its bashes: much fucking and sucking in camp, lots of free dope, and a hell of a floor show each night—X-rated, I understood. There were over a hundred bikers on the run, to say nothing of those with riders and the guys that drove cars to meet us (camp followers, I called them). So there would be at least a couple of hundred men at the campsite tonight. Talk about an orgy!

• • •

It was dusk when I rolled in. I had brought up the rear of the pack, since I wasn't in a hurry. And, though I didn't want to be obvious, I was halfway keeping my eyes open for Burton. But I didn't see him or his shiny Harley anywhere.

The campground was neatly laid out in what had once been a pine forest. Trees still dotted the area with room between and around them for a hundred or so tents. There was a central clearing in the campground with a raised platform that would be the stage for tonight's show. Next to it was a series of fire pits, and several of the club hosts were busy preparing the food that would feed everybody. Some, standing shirtless before the fires in the warm evening, were tending huge steaming pots of chili that permeated the air with a delectably pungent aroma. Others (including one gorgeous hunk wearing only a jockstrap under his apron) were tossing salad in big tubs. The feast promised to be excellent, and if the floor show ended up only half as good, we were all in for one hell of a time tonight.

I wandered away from the working men through a cluster of pine trees. Nearly all the bikers were in camp now, and guys were already pitching their tents. I had hoped to find Burton so I could set up mine—casually, of course—near his. I even looked for that gorgeous Harley of his, but neither was to be found anywhere. With dusk settling in, I needed to get my own act together, so I started looking for a clearing to set up camp in.

"Hey, Clay." At the sound of my name, I turned on my heels. It was one of my old riding buddies, Phil Montoya, a tall, beautiful Latin with a sexy beard and wavy black hair. He was wearing only Levi's and boots. "Over here." He motioned me, his pectorals rippling as he waved his arm.

"How ya doin', Phil?" I said as I walked up. He threw his arms around me affectionately and gave me a big, sloppy kiss.

"God, it's good to see you," I said happily, and we groped each other for old time's sake. Old time's sake, shit! It hadn't been three months since he and David, his shorter but every bit as foxy lover, and I had had a roll in the hay to end all three-ways. We'd gone at it with such abandon, no one's asshole or mouth had been left unplundered. But that was another story.

"Where's David?" I asked.

"He's helping with the chow." Phil led me over to his camp table. "Have a beer," he said, grabbing a couple of cans.

I waved his offer away. "Thanks, man, but naw. I'm kinda looking for someone." Phil raised an eyebrow, but I continued. "You haven't seen Burton around, have you?"

He popped open his beer. "Burton?" Jim Burton?!" He smiled. "So that's who you want to fuck with on this run!"

I grinned a shit-eating grin. "Well, no, I just—"

"You may be in for a surprise."

"Whataya mean by that?"

"Oh, I . . ." He hesitated. "Well, you know, just about everybody wants to make it with Burton. Especially all the new members." He took a pull on his beer. "But I think you may be out of luck this time around. I saw him roar out of here with some cute young guy on the back of his bike. And they didn't look like they were going to church, either." My spirits sank and I must have shown it. "Hey, cheer up, buddy. No one's that great." He slapped me on the butt. "Not even Jim Burton."

I smiled weakly. "Yeah, well, I better think about getting my tent pitched before it gets too dark."

"There's a spot right over there." He pointed to a clearing about ten feet away. "Who knows," he said, almost as an afterthought, "if you don't get anything goin' for yourself, maybe you and me and David can . . ." He winked and gave me a punch on the arm as I turned to leave.

"Maybe so," I said. But I could only think of that bastard Burton out there making it with someone else after promising to fuck with me. Damn!

I brought my bike over and was putting up my tent next to Phil and David's when Burton rolled in on his Harley, trick in tow. The kid had what looked to me like the most contented smile on his face, and I did a slow burn thinking of the pleasure Burton must've just given him.

Yep, Phil, I thought to myself. Tonight it'll be you and David and me. Fuck Burton *and* that bike he rode in here on!

• • •

The stage was empty and dark during chow. I was sitting between David and Phil, feeling kind of down, despite the fact that

Continued to page 20

TELL Daddy

Have you been a good boy today? Come on, tell daddy all about it.

Section photographed by Graven Image

I struggled in vain against the combined strength of my abductors. They were dragging me up onto the platform. Then it dawned on me. I wasn't going to watch the floor show at all—I was going to be the floor show!

Continued from page 12

both these studs were obviously looking forward to balling with me. After we were done with the meal, I got up and took our paper plates to a trash can near the platform.

Without any fanfare, floodlights blinked onto the bare stage, startling me with their harsh glare. A voice from over a loudspeaker announced: "Gentlemen, the CS Bikers Club is proud to present our annual Rite of Spring Floor Show for your viewing pleasure—and whatever other pleasure you may derive! So guys, get comfortable. Rest your legs on somebody's shoulders and let the show begin!"

Behind me, the crowd parted to let through a tall, muscular man wheeling a motorcycle, all glitter and chrome, onto the stage. Dressed in a studded leather G-string, harness, head mask, and Roman sandals laced up his calves, he and the motorcycle made a strikingly handsome appearance. But I felt strangely uneasy: the bike looked suspiciously like Burton's Harley Davidson. And if so, what the hell was it doing up there?

But I didn't have much time to wonder. As I turned to go back to my seat, somebody grabbed me from behind, twisting my arms savagely behind my back.

"What the fuck's going on?" I shouted. Pain shot up between my shoulder blades, as I tried to jerk free. "Let go of me, asshole!" But I realized that there were *two* men accosting me. Before I could make out who they were, one of them pinned my arms while the other threw a bandanna over my eyes and pulled it tight. Then he stuffed another cloth into my mouth.

Now blindfolded and gagged, I struggled in vain against their combined strength. As they bound my arms in front of me with a leather thong that bit sharply into my flesh, it occurred to me that no one in the crowd had come to my aid. They yanked on the thong, pulling me off balance, and dragged me to the platform. Then it dawned on me. I knew what my abductors were up to: I wasn't going to watch the floor show at all—I was going to *be* the floor show.

They pulled me up the steps and onto the stage, and I began thrashing wildly, kicking out with my feet. But a third person grabbed my ankles and held them firmly together. With the extra hands on me, I was totally at their mercy. They loosened my bonds long enough to strip my clothes off me—my shirt virtually ripped from my back and my pants slid down over my wriggling legs. Then they bound my feet with another leather thong, wrapped tightly enough to keep me from further struggle. I was totally naked now, humiliated, furious, yet my cock began to rise. It wasn't just the chill of the night that sent goosebumps all over me. *Oh, shit,* I thought, *everyone in the whole fucking camp can see this.* And the thought made my cock harder.

Now I stood powerless, while the three of them started massaging me—first my back and chest, then my thighs and calves and feet—with gentle, light-fingered stroking. Soon the three pairs of hands were moving separately, relentlessly. One set of fingers flicked my nipples, and they grew erect, tingling with excitement. Other hands explored the recesses of my buttocks. Fingers found my asshole and gently but insistently probed the opening. The third pair of hands began fondling my calves, moving upward, kneading my inner thighs until, almost imperceptibly, they brushed my balls, which tightened from the touch. My engorged cock now throbbed painfully, clear fluid dripping from the head. It kept jerking in the air, untouched by any of the three pairs of hands.

But suddenly something warm and wet and extremely pleasurable encircled it. Someone was sucking me off! Oh, God! Now they were all on me. One of them licking my chest, tonguing my nipples, softly biting the erect buds. The fingers that had found my asshole now spread my cheeks. Beard scraped against skin, and a tongue pressed against my hole and thrust deeply into the opening. The pleasure was almost more than I could bear.

Then, as abruptly as they began, they stopped. One of the men grabbed me under the armpits, while another picked up my feet and removed the leather thong. I could imagine what I looked like, swinging stark naked between them, my dick jabbing in the air at nothing. I was raised up and lowered onto something hard and cold.

The motorcycle! Jesus! They were laying me on the motorcycle! They positioned me so that my ass was on the seat, my head toward the handlebars. But as they laid me back my head bonked against something hard and sharp-edged, and I grimaced in pain. One of the guys raised my head and placed some kind of cushion under it. I lay quietly, no longer resisting whatever it was they had in store for me.

Something cool dripped onto my body. Oil. They were oiling me down. Hands were all over me again. Fingers methodically worked my skin, massaging the oil into it. My shoulders, my chest, down to my abdomen. A hand roughly grabbed my balls, pulling them up and away from my crotch. Two other hands pushed my legs into the air and more oil was poured directly under my balls. Fingers smeared the oil between my cheeks and around and into my asshole, jabbing roughly at my prostate.

My head was lifted from the pillow and the gag was ripped from my mouth. I sucked in air, in relief. But it was short-lived. Immediately a gigantic cock—no, *two* gigantic cocks forced their way into my

Continued on page 28

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Jessie was the top attraction at the Tool Box; he was the best male stripper in the business. Jessie always got turned on by his own performance, but it was twice as hot when somebody in the crowd who appealed to him got as excited as the rest.

STRIPPED for ACTION

BY ROLAND GRAEME • ART BY MATT

"We want Jessie!"

"Bring him out!"

"Bring him out—and make him take it off!"

"Show us that meat!"

"Take it off!" Whip it out!"

"*Take* it off, hell! *Jerk* it off!"

Dwane, the emcee, chuckled, then raised the microphone to his lips and bellowed above the tumult: "You're all animals, you know that?"

"Yeah!" the noisy, drunken, excited crowd yelled.

"You're all animals," Dwane repeated, "and it's feeding time at the zoo! You want raw meat? You got it! Here's the star of the Tool Box . . . JESSIE!"

The crowd's welcoming roar was almost drowned out by the raucous beat of the disco music as the guy manning the sound booth turned up the volume for Jessie's entrance. A spotlight bathed the male stripper in its lewd glare as he strode onstage, already half-naked, and began his dance.

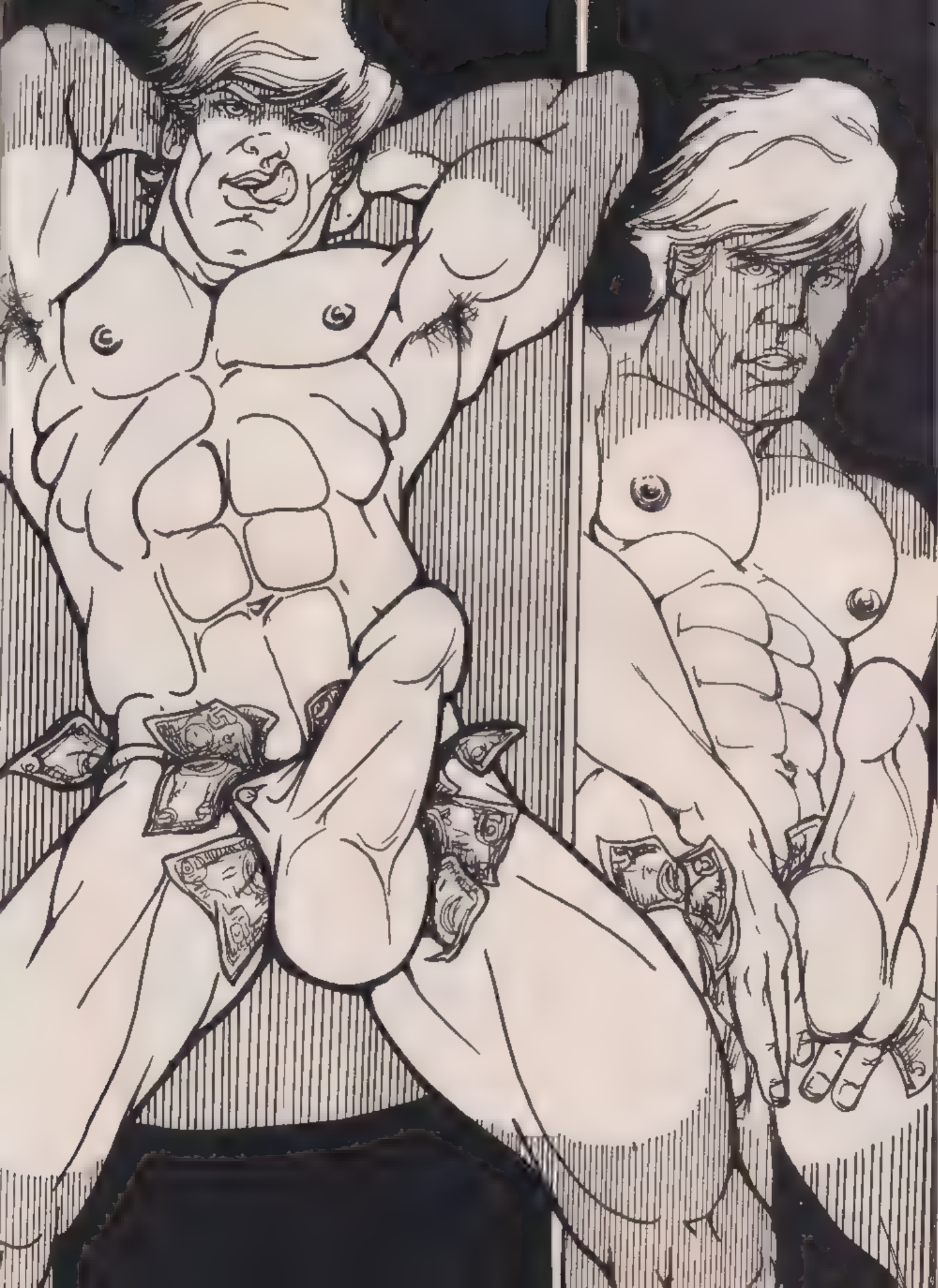
"Yeah! Take it off! Take it *all* off!"

"We want to see your dick!"

"We want to *suck* it!" howled one shameless soul. His neighbors roared their approval.

Some of the other guys who danced at the club had to work hard to keep the audience's attention, to earn tips. Not Jessie. When Jessie was onstage stripping, *everybody* in the audience paid rapt attention, *everybody* joined in the horny, sex-hungry chanting that served as an obscene verbal counterpoint to Jessie's music.

And Jessie exulted in his status as the featured attraction at the Tool Box—once a run-down roadside bar catering to local truckdrivers and bikers, now under new management and crammed nightly with gay men who came to watch the male strippers. Jessie liked to see his hot body and big cock reflected in the crowd's eager faces as they watched him undress, liked to feel the throb of collective excitement that always surged up from the spectators when he came on as the climax of each night's show. Good as the other performers were, Jessie was the star, the stud the customers hung around waiting for all night: flawless tanned skin, rippling muscles, a narrow waist, broad chest and shoulders, hot buns, solid meat—the works. The humpy stripper looked taller up there on stage than he really was, and he moved with a lithe, sensual grace and con-



fidence, the result of constant practice. Unlike some of the other dancers, who were just in it to make a few quick, easy bucks, Jessie took his stripping seriously. It was the most important thing in his life at the moment—sex possibly excepted.

Once onstage, Jessie immediately singled out a plump young businessman type in the audience. The guy had a round face behind horn-rimmed glasses and was seated with a group of his equally well-dressed and prosperous-looking friends around a table in the first row. He'd be his first victim, Jessie decided, his first big tipper of the evening, he'd play up to him, tease him, get him hot, turn him on, make the other men in the audience envious *and* amused. And Jessie did just that, brazenly offering his increasingly exposed body to the poor guy, whose buddies thought it was a riot. After a few moments' confusion, the young executive got into the spirit of things too, licking his lips and grinning as Jessie came down into the audience and urged the man to unbutton the waistband of Jessie's impossibly tight denim jeans. Then the stripper slowly and teasingly pushed the jeans down to reveal the black bikini briefs underneath.

You know you want it! So go for it! he thought excitedly, while smoothly evading the fat man's outstretched hands that wanted to touch more of him, hold him, grope him, possess him—the way they all wanted to. *And you, go for it too, man!* he added mentally, smiling at the number seated behind the businessman. *Don't hand me any of that "inscrutable" shit! You want my cock, just like all the rest of them!*

The man who had attracted Jessie's attention was a truly hot stud, obviously Japanese or Japanese-American, with coarsely masculine good looks, well-defined muscles, and a well-groomed mane of glossy black hair. He sat back, apparently quite at ease, not on the edge of his seat like everyone else in the room, and gave Jessie a long, hard look with his alert black eyes, sizing up the stripper with complete objectivity. Piqued, Jessie flashed him a special, glowing smile of invitation and challenge. He liked to be appreciated, and he sensed that this guy wasn't aroused by just anybody. Jessie always got turned on by his own performance, but it was twice as hot when somebody in the crowd who appealed to him got as excited as the rest. The Japanese guy wasn't caught up in the mass frenzy; he was engrossed in his private contemplation of the dancer's perfect body as Jessie prickteased every man in the room with his unattainable maleness and the fantasy of having sex with him, a promise always tantalizingly just out of reach—at least while the show was still going on.

When his act was over and the pouch of the G-string—which was all Jessie had on now—was stuffed with paper money and his stiff cock, Jessie snatched up his discarded clothes and bowed to the audience, grinning, sweating, thanking them for their applause, their generosity, while they screamed for more. Backstage, after taking a quick shower and putting on his street clothes, he was just another exceptionally good-looking young man.

"Is that you, Jessie? Please wait," a low voice called from behind him as he left the bar by the back door into the parking lot.

Jessie didn't recognize the voice and almost kept walking, but then headlights from cars speeding along the adjacent highway revealed the black hair and strong features of the Japanese guy who'd checked him out so thoroughly and appreciatively during his act.

"Yeah? Oh, hi." Jessie was tired and it was a chilly night, not ideal for standing around outside exchanging small talk with a horny admirer. But he walked over to join the other young man, if only out of instinctive politeness and curiosity.

"Do you remember me?" the man teased.

Jessie grinned. "Yeah, sure. Who could forget you? You were the best-looking guy in the audience tonight."

"Flatterer." Except for a slight slurring of his *r*'s the guy's English was excellent. "I was the only Oriental in there—is that what you mean, only you're too polite to say so? My name is Shigeru. I'm from Tokyo, in town on business. An American friend of mine told me about this place. I was thinking, inside, that perhaps you and I—"

"—could find a nice quiet place and get acquainted?" Jessie responded just a bit cynically. Shigeru was butch, with a nice tight body, obviously eager and refreshingly direct in his approach. Jessie wouldn't have minded tricking with him one bit, but because of his status at the club he was hit on all the time, and he liked to think he could pick and choose his sex partners at will. He was tired, and he didn't want this foreigner to think he was an easy lay just because he took his clothes off in public, for money. "Maybe some other night. Come early, and we can have a drink together during the show, before I have to go on."

"Wait, please." There was an urgency in Shigeru's voice now. He really wanted it. Hell, they all did! Usually it was a guy who wanted to even the score with an unfaithful lover, or some basically shy but oversexed number who hoped that Jessie would be more readily available than most studs because of the blatant sexuality he projected onstage. Sometimes Jessie gave them the thrill they were looking for, taking them home to his apartment for a quick fuck, after which he got rid of them, fast. Often he half-encouraged, half-discouraged his would-be pickups—as he'd just done with Shigeru, because he simply wasn't sure he was up to it.

Shigeru's black eyes were still smoldering with raw desire—for the naked man he'd seen and lusted after up there on the stage.

Jessie knew the power he held over the other man. He knew from experience that gay men were all the same once they set foot inside the Tool Box and caught his act. Yet there was something special about *this* man. So Jessie decided to do his part to strengthen international relations.

"Come on," he said casually. Shigeru all but jumped in response, quickly following Jessie to where the stripper's car, and his own rental, were parked. Jessie sighed, his fatigue fading perceptibly as sexual anticipation energized his body all over again. After all, he didn't have anything better to do than fuck and suck for the next couple of hours, and he'd never tricked with a man named Shigeru, for sure.

Shigeru followed Jessie home on the highway, and the moment they were locked inside the stripper's apartment

The good looking Japanese fan called out to Jessie across the parking lot. He really wanted it. Hell, they all did! Sometimes Jessie gave them the thrill they were looking for, taking them back to his apartment for a quick fuck.

together, Jessie got right down to it: "You want to go straight to bed?"

Shigeru laughed. "That's exactly what I want, my friend. I had just enough to drink at the bar to be in the mood for a really good, rough fuck!" His arm slid around Jessie's broad shoulders and he gave the American a little squeeze.

Jessie's hand dropped down to cup Shigeru's buttock through the soft denim of his designer jeans. "Me, too," he admitted, his voice slightly hoarse from his growing arousal. He fondled his pickup's rather boyish but decidedly tempting ass. Shigeru slowly rotated his buttocks against the flat of Jessie's hand to encourage him as Jessie began to knead his ripe, rounded ass cheek, Jessie's other hand stroking Shigeru's left nipple through his T-shirt.

The nipple hardened at the touch of rough fingertips. Shigeru felt that familiar, exciting first flush of arousal spreading through his body, and a tingling warmth at the root of his penis as it rubbed against his briefs. He pressed his body hard against his trick. "Easy. My dick's already so hard it feels like it's about to go off any minute!"

"So's mine," Jessie groaned, unfastening his jeans. "Where'd you learn such good English, anyway, Shigeru?" he asked, slightly mangling the unfamiliar name in his breathlessness.

The Japanese laughed. "In bed. From American sailors and businessmen, mostly."

"Shame on you." Jessie led Shigeru into his bedroom, undressing along the way with the same ease he'd displayed onstage earlier in the evening. The springs in his mattress squealed as he sank down on it, his shoes hitting the floor like a pair of falling bricks. Shigeru quickly stripped and got into bed beside him. Jessie turned onto his side, toward Shigeru, and gathered the man's nude body into his arms; it was almost hairless, as Jessie had anticipated, and the tawny skin was smooth against his own, coarser flesh. Shigeru's silken hair tumbled over Jessie's face as Jessie pressed his lips against his pickup's, his tongue slithering inside the warm interior of Shigeru's velvety mouth. Their hot breaths mingled.

"Jesus . . . you're horny, aren't you? I mean, you're *really* horny! And not just for anybody—for *me*, huh?" Jessie's moist hand slid over Shigeru's sleek, trembling, bare thigh as he spoke. "I bet those Yankee cocksuckers taught you more than just good English," he joked crudely.

"They didn't teach me to be horny. That comes natural. And tonight—I've had the hots for you ever since I walked into that fucking strip joint!"

Jessie chuckled. "I bet you were fantasizing about what you wanted to do in bed with me the whole time I was doing my act."

Shigeru snuggled up closer against him, his hands busy between the American stud's sinewy thighs. His fingers kneaded Jessie's heavy nuts, rolling them around until they began to swell. Jessie groaned, and his cock stood straight up out of the tangled nest of pubic hairs at the base of his flat, hard belly. The long, rigid shaft twitched as Shigeru's very experienced fingertips bushed against its smooth surface, coaxing the tomato-like head up and out of its dark sheath of foreskin, as though the penis itself were doing a strip.

"Prickteaser! You knew what you were doing to me when you flaunted that stud body of yours at me in the club?" Shigeru taunted, rubbing his torso against the other man's chest until Jessie could feel the stiff nubs of his nipples searing his own hot skin. "I wanted to get right up there on the stage next to you and do this in front of all those other horny cocksuckers!" He began to masturbate Jessie's cock in earnest, gripping it tightly in his fist and sliding the loose flap of thick foreskin back and forth over the flared rim of the swollen head. "I had an ulterior motive in coming to the club tonight."

"Oh yeah?"

"I manage a chain of gay nightclubs in Tokyo. I'm here to sign up performers. The Japanese are crazy about American acts. How'd you like to work for me in Japan for a couple of months, stripping? I'll pay you double whatever you're making at the Tool Box, plus expenses."

"That's a mighty tempting offer."

"Sleep on it," Shigeru laughed. "We'll talk business in the morning . . . right now, I'm so fucking hot for your cock I can't stand it!"

Shigeru ground his body against Jessie's. The Japanese impresario's fist pumped up and down on the entertainer's hard cockshaft with the fierce, steady motions that Shigeru knew would drive his trick rapidly to the brink. He wanted to get Jessie as hot as he was, as eager to suck and fuck.

Jessie bit his lip and pressed his butt against the mattress as Shigeru's expert hand job sent waves of erotic heat through his swollen dick. Grabbing a handful of Shigeru's well-developed pectoral muscle, he squeezed it brutally; Shigeru gasped with pleasure. Jessie wrapped his other arm around the man's body and groped the curves of his ass cheeks, the sleek plane of his lower belly, the hard-on that throbbed so impatiently between Shigeru's parted thighs, the big balls that swung below it, heavy with their rich supply of man-cream.

Both men were sweating profusely, and this natural lubrication made their bodies slide easily against each other as they wildly thrashed about. Jessie plunged his trembling fingers lower and thrust the tips between Shigeru's thighs. Shigeru closed his eyes and rolled his tongue over his lips, then seized Jessie's wrist and shoved the boy's fingers between the firm mounds of his buttocks. Jessie touched the moist warmth of Shigeru's asshole, then inserted one fingertip and began to finger-fuck the responsive ass. Shigeru cried out again and spread his legs wide; Jessie pried open the tight sphincter muscle until he could shove the tips of two more fingers into the hot hole. He spread his fingers wide apart inside the other man's body.

"Oh, man! Make me come, you fucker!" Shigeru grunted, his fist still working on Jessie's immense hard-on as he writhed about next to him on the disarrayed bedclothes. "Fuck me with your fingers! Make me come!"

Jessie's mouth sought the other man's throat and kissed it. His wet tongue glided over the smooth skin of Shigeru's neck until he could pinch the lobe of one ear none too gently between his teeth. Shigeru was rubbing his cock against Jessie's hard thigh, his hand pumping on Jessie's tool even harder. Jessie took his Japanese trick's hand in his own and slowed him down; he didn't want to come prematurely.

They played with each other's genitals more languidly for a while, but even this was soon pushing Shigeru toward the edge. He moaned loudly, his black hair flying over the pillows as he tossed his head back and cried out, "Jessie! Shove your dick up my ass! Fuck me! Make me shoot—make me fucking come!" He was oblivious now to everything except his own voracious sexual need, ablaze in his nuts, in his asshole, in his cock. "Make me come with your fingers up my ass! Do it that way first, then shove your cock into me! Make me come both ways—one right after the other! Do it! Screw me! Make me blast my fucking cum!"

Jessie pounded away inside his trick's tightly clenched fist. He felt himself jerk suddenly, and for an instant he held his breath, afraid he was going to come all over the bed before he had a chance to plug into Shigeru's ass. But the pulsating sensation and the giddy wash of pleasure subsided. Jessie pushed Shigeru's hand away and sat up. He twisted around until he was kneeling between Shigeru's thighs. The hot-assed Japanese lay flat on his back, writhing and squirming, as Jessie's fingers massaged the sensitive anal opening.

"I'm going to make you come, all right, buddy," the stripper growled. He pulled his hand from between Shigeru's buttocks, seized the open jar of lubricant that he

always kept ready on the nightstand, and greased his schlong. The touch of his own fingers almost made him ejaculate. He was so hot he knew he wouldn't be able to last as long as usual tonight. Not that Shigeru was likely to mind: Shigeru was hotter than any trick Jessie had ever balled, and he'd no doubt be happy with whatever they ended up doing to each other, as long as Jessie could get it up again after coming the first time.

As he guided Shigeru's legs up over his shoulders and began to push his greased meat between the man's buttocks and deep into his ass, Jessie sensed that this might just be the most important "audition" of his career! ■

HOW THE WEST WAS WON

Continued from page 8

about eight thousand tax-free dollars and had enough cowboy cum to fill up my bathtub.

My only disappointment is that John never came back again. I really would have enjoyed another session with supercock. I'd also like to have thanked him for all the business he's sent my way. I'm sure he couldn't have been personally responsible for all of it, but he did get the ball rolling. And wow, did it ever snowball!

One night I asked one of the guys about John. At first he didn't seem to know who I was talking about, which was what I was half expecting. But when I mentioned the amazing proportions of my first customer's equipment:

"Oh *that* John. Sure, I remember *him*. He got married about three months ago and moved out to California."

I could only hope that the bride had a cunt the size of the Super Bowl. ■

BIKE RUN

Continued from page 20

mouth. I tried to keep from gagging from the pressure on my throat, but I swallowed and accidentally bit down.

"Ouch, goddammit!" The one who yelled punched me on the chest as both dicks pulled out from my mouth.

The guy who was standing holding my legs up and apart, spoke. "That lousy cocksucker bite you?"

"Yeah, man," one of them replied.

"All right!" the third man growled. "That's it, then!"

He reached forward between my legs and yanked off the bandanna. The light assaulted my eyes and I squinted at the man in leather standing over me. As he threw the bandanna to the ground, I spotted something on his muscled arm—a little fire-breathing dragon. Somehow it looked more menacing now.

It was Burton whose masked eyes flashed with anger. "Okay, guys," he snarled, "I'll need you to help me. Grab his legs." As they came around in front of me, he removed the studded leather G-string. His huge uncircumsized cock and low-swinging balls dangled near my asshole.

For the first time I saw the two men who had abducted me. They were totally nude and I had no trouble recognizing them. "David!" I said. "Phil!"

"Shut up!" Burton slapped me across the face. They nodded to him and each grabbed one of my legs, raising them high over my head, exposing my bare ass to Burton's swollen cock.

Without any warning, he lunged forward and plunged his mammoth prick into my asshole. I gasped as he pushed deep inside of me. His shoulders now braced against my legs, and Phil and David released me and moved around to my head again.

"Get it right this time, cocksucker!" Burton said, as he untied my wrists. And this time I did. Now free of my bonds, I grabbed Phil's prick in one hand and David's in the other. Bringing them toward my mouth and stuffing them both in, making sure that there were no teeth. Phil reached down and began rubbing my cock, but I had to stop him, I was getting so close to coming.

Presently they pulled out from me and began kissing, and, with their cocks inches from my nose, jacking each other off.

Meanwhile, Burton was pounding my ass with such rapid-fire strokes that my head banged the handlebars of the Harley. But I couldn't care less. I was delirious with pleasure. The head of my cock was swollen and shiny and pre-cum dripped in huge globules onto my abdomen. All of a sudden I came, gushing with such force that I shot completely over the motorcycle and hit the floor in front of it. Almost simultaneously, Burton came, too. I could feel his hot jizm start to pump into my guts. But, as if playing to the audience, he pulled his huge prick out of my asshole, squirting all over me in great gobs, hitting me in the face and on the mouth. I licked it from my lips, savoring its taste on my tongue.

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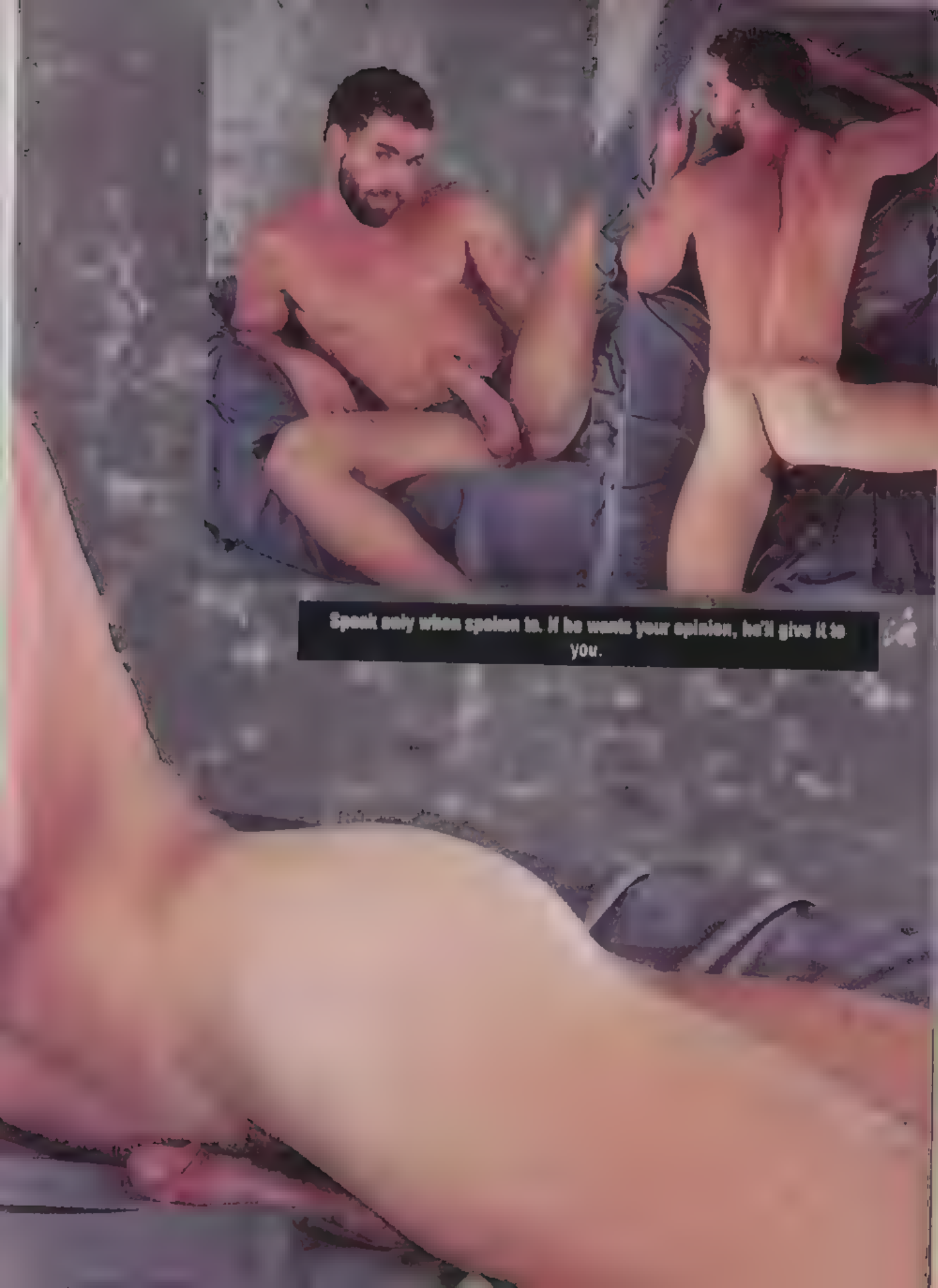
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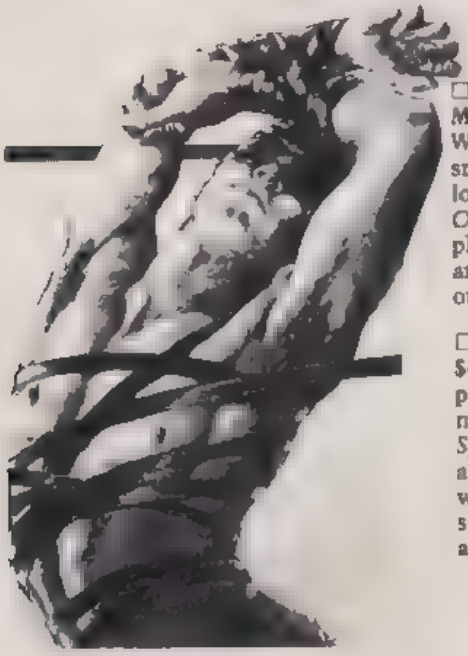

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BIKE RUN

Continued from page 28

Then I opened my eyes and saw Phil and David, still leaning over me, kissing and masturbating each other with abandon. Phil began groaning, dropped his hand from David's prick, and abruptly arched his back. He came on my chest His arrow-like pole poured a giant load of cum on me that mingled with my own and Burton's. David, still unrelieved, bent down and began tonguing up the sweet semen. Phil went down on him, sucking furiously until David too grimaced and shot.

Presently, Phil let his lover's meat slide from his mouth and turned and kissed me. Our tongues met in friendly greeting as we swirled his partner's love juice between us. Then, as Phil stood up and put his arm around David, Burton shoved his cock back into my asshole. I felt the final pumping of his last few drops into me. He was surprisingly gentle now after the wracking workout he had just given my fuckhole. At last he, too, bent down to kiss me, and we explored tongues tenderly. I had swallowed most of the semen in my mouth but was able to exchange some with him

"Ahhh," Burton said when we broke the embrace and he stood up, "that was great, man. You're as good a fuck as I thought you'd be." He pulled his dick out of me once again and turned to face the audience. There was ragged applause, somewhat less than I had expected, until I realized that the men out there had gotten so turned on by the activities onstage that they were into their own action, many of them oblivious to what we had just gotten through doing.

Burton put his hand to the top of the leather mask and pulled it off slowly. His hair, wet and curly with sweat, fell in ringlets. He shook it. Raising a hand, he spoke.

"Well, men, we hope you've enjoyed this show." More applause, less ragged this time, as he commanded the attention of the group. "As you know, it is customary for the president to select the new member he considers the hunkiest to be his partner in our annual floor show. I don't think I need to explain to you why I picked Clay Morgan." He pointed to where Phil and David were helping me up off the motorcycle. I was now aware how lumpy and hard it had been to lie on Then he came over and put his arm around me, smiling. "I think he was a damn good sport about it, don't you?"

Loud, lingering applause. "And now that he is officially a fucked-up—or is that just plain *fucked*—member in good standing, I want to say that later tonight, if we're up to it, we will be switching roles. After all, it's the best bottoms that make it to the top!" There was raucous laughter. Jim Burton turned and kissed me, then led me, weak-kneed, off the stage and through the crowd of cheering men to his tent. I looked back one last time at the stage and the gleaming Harley Davidson where I'd been ridden so well—and so hard! Then I punched Burton lightly on his tattooed arm before crawling inside his tent, knowing I'd found a real fire-breathing dragon of my own for the weekend

Weekend?! From now on If I was lucky!■

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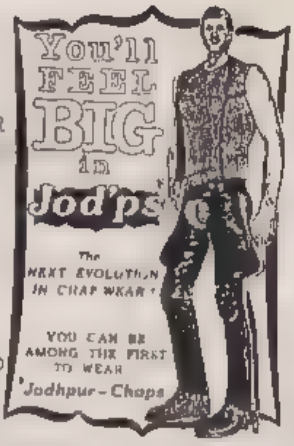
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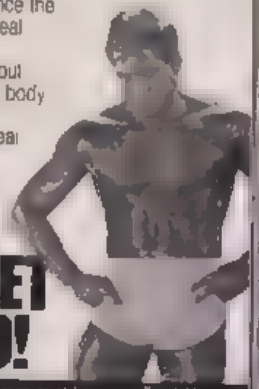
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FIREMEN BALL

STORY AND ART BY RICHARD A. WHITE

There is a time of initiation, a period of being tested, when anyone starts a new job. John Barry had been at his new post for only a week and had managed to annoy, irritate, and bully almost everyone at the firehouse. At six-foot-two, 225 pounds, and dizzyingly handsome, he was pretty much left unchallenged by the others. He wasn't enough of a pest to start a fight with, and besides, he'd come so highly recommended from training school that the men did their best to just ignore his obnoxious personality

Life in the firehouse demanded rapport, since hours and days on end were spent with the same people. Shifts were 24 and 48 hours long, some even longer during summertime when so many fires occurred. New York City is a hazy, humid, angry place in the summer, and many fires are started by ghetto punks from pure aggravation and boredom. At the Brooklyn house where John found himself, near the navy-yard, they'd had four auto fires and six false alarms his first week, and it was still only June

John had been the cock-of-the-walk all his life, the baby boy of a large military family that had produced two cops, a professional Marine, a gym instructor, and two dykes. John was named for his big bull father who was nicknamed, appropriately enough, Angus (real name Amos). Of Angus' children, John was the biggest, the handsomest, the brightest, and the most precocious. He flashed high school in three rather than four years, and scored the only perfect 100 on his aptitude for fireman's training. He was a magnificent model of male—and mule. He was stubborn, opinionated, arrogant, condescending, and brutal: in short, the perfect daddy's boy.

Having a big fat cock only gave him something else to lord over his firehouse-

mates. In the shower he even had the fuckin' balls to walk over to Harry McCarthy, seven years at this post, and piss on his crotch! He teased Harry about having such a tiny dork, then pissed on him and roared, "That oughta make it grow!" He strutted away, still dribbling piss from his flopping foreskin, while the others in the showers slapped each other with cackling cruelty. Obnoxious as John was, they roared at, and repeated, tales of his stunts. He had a certain charm—a repellant one but potent. There were two men in the firehouse that never fell for it. One was called Jorgen (*Yore*-gun), a huge Swede who was nicknamed "Jorgen the organ." Not even John's donkey dong could measure up to this man's golden-bushed gourd. Jorgen was John's height but bulkier. He was hairless, sleek, and powerful. His barrel chest looked like he was always holding his breath.

Jorgen's friend was the total opposite of the giant blond. Brian was short, dark-haired, covered with black wooly fur, and housemates very amusing. They'd watch John's latest stunt, glance silently at each other and shake their heads in unison.

It was time for a little retaliation, and Jorgen had the inspiration. The alarm rang and Jorgen was the first down the pole, followed by John. John landed on Jorgen's big fist wrapped around the pole, and it stopped him middair. "The fuck you doin', horse meat!" John yelled. From above he heard Brian yell, "Move it." John looked up to see Brian's big butt poised over his face. A torn seam exposed his black-fringed asshole, from which Brian cranked a man-size fart into John's face. Jorgen let go of John's ass and John splatted onto the floor, laughter ringing about his ears. Brian leaped over him into the truck and yelled, "C'mon ass-breath, we got a fire to put out!" Brian hooted all the way to the fire.

They raced to a huge fire at an A&P. Three other companies of engines had already arrived, but the blaze was a run-away inferno. Three men were on the roof dousing it, when there was a horrifying

climbed to the back of the truck and stood watching the streets as they flew away from the smoking debris.

Stoic as John seemed, his head was reeling. He chalked it up to the smoke he'd inhaled, but his mask had prevented that. His thoughts that night tortured him in his sleep. Next to him lay the oxen Jorgen's big blond body, sweating in the hot summer air. On his back, Jorgen looked like a tanned pile of boulders, his big chest heaving steadily. His uncut cock stuck out under his boxer shorts, a piss hard-on making it throb a pink, wet eye at John. John didn't sleep all night—or so he thought. The truth was that his dreams and thoughts were so vivid it felt like he was awake. He kept seeing Brian's big ass shoving a hairy hole in his face. He saw Jorgen's cock sticking out, his big arms hugging John. He felt that big hose that Jorgen had shot at him, but in his dream it burned his naked body with hot piss. Piss? Naked? Then he felt Jorgen's fist under his asshole, rubbing his pucker. Then he slid

John had been the cock-of-the-walk all of his life. He was a magnificent model of a male—and mule. He was stubborn, opinionated, arrogant, condescending, and brutal: in short, the perfect daddy's boy.

his cock was almost hidden in the deep dark pile of his crotch bush. The two of them were inseparable. They'd been in this station longer than anyone but the chief and the janitor, Jimmy Moon. Brian was about 36, Jorgen a little older. Jorgen was a weightlifter, so he was always on the hose, manning it as if the thick gusher were just a garden hose. Brian's short thick legs and big round butt attested to years of manning the hydraulic ladder. He'd scale it faster than anyone, those little legs turning into hairy pistons, and his square-cut buns bobbing like balloons on a bicycle spoke.

Jorgen and Brian lived together, watched out for one another in fires, and had a silent mutual devotion that the whole firehouse held in esteem. Neither was ever injured while the other was around. It was inevitable that when John began to taunt Brian about his tiny tube, it was Jorgen who was more wounded. He said nothing, though, being the big strong, silent type. Brian, being the bubbly outgoing one, just laughed off any jabs from John. But neither found John's sadistic jeering of their

groan. Roof timbers collapsed, taking the three men into the bowels of the flames. John, already in his mask, was by the side door and ran into the sizzling smoke. He retrieved two men, but the other was nowhere to be found. John was about to run in again, when hoses knocked him over with the force of their water. Jorgen was right behind him. "Go ahead, Barry. I'll douse you as you go in." John went in again, his powerful frame almost knocked over by the spray stinging his neck.

He was out again, dragging a near-dead man in his arms. There was a minor explosion inside, probably gas from refrigeration units. John dragged Harry McCarthy into the nearby ambulance, where he was revived and treated for smoke inhalation. John was the undisputed hero of the day. Whatever he was as a person, his fitness as a fireman was unquestioned and unparalleled. Back in the truck, going home, Jorgen hugged John in his arms and congratulated him. But John would have none of it. He pushed Jorgen back and said, "Doin' my job, that's all. Just my job." He

down the pole onto Jorgen's arm, while Brian's descending ass spread over his mouth, smoke and flames shooting out. Then it was morning.

The first thing John saw was Jorgen's bloated balls hanging down the leg of his shorts, right over John's eyes. His cockhead was slithering out of the dark hood of his hog. John's eyes went up, over the wide belly, the deep-cut navel, the basketball-size tits. Jorgen was grinning, showing the space between his front teeth. "You gonna snore all day, sleepin' beauty? Haul your ass up. Your turn for breakfast crew. I like mine scrambled—*hard!*"

John showered quickly and silently. . . for a change. By the time he got to the firehouse kitchen, he was his old self again. "Too bad your cock ain't as big as your asshole, Brian, he bellowed behind Brian at the stove. Brian laughed and went on draining bacon. Jorgen was making coffee, his huge mitts deftly handling the tiny paper filters for the machine. He whistled quietly to himself as he worked, then paused a second and looked over his

Continued to page 60

AY, MATE

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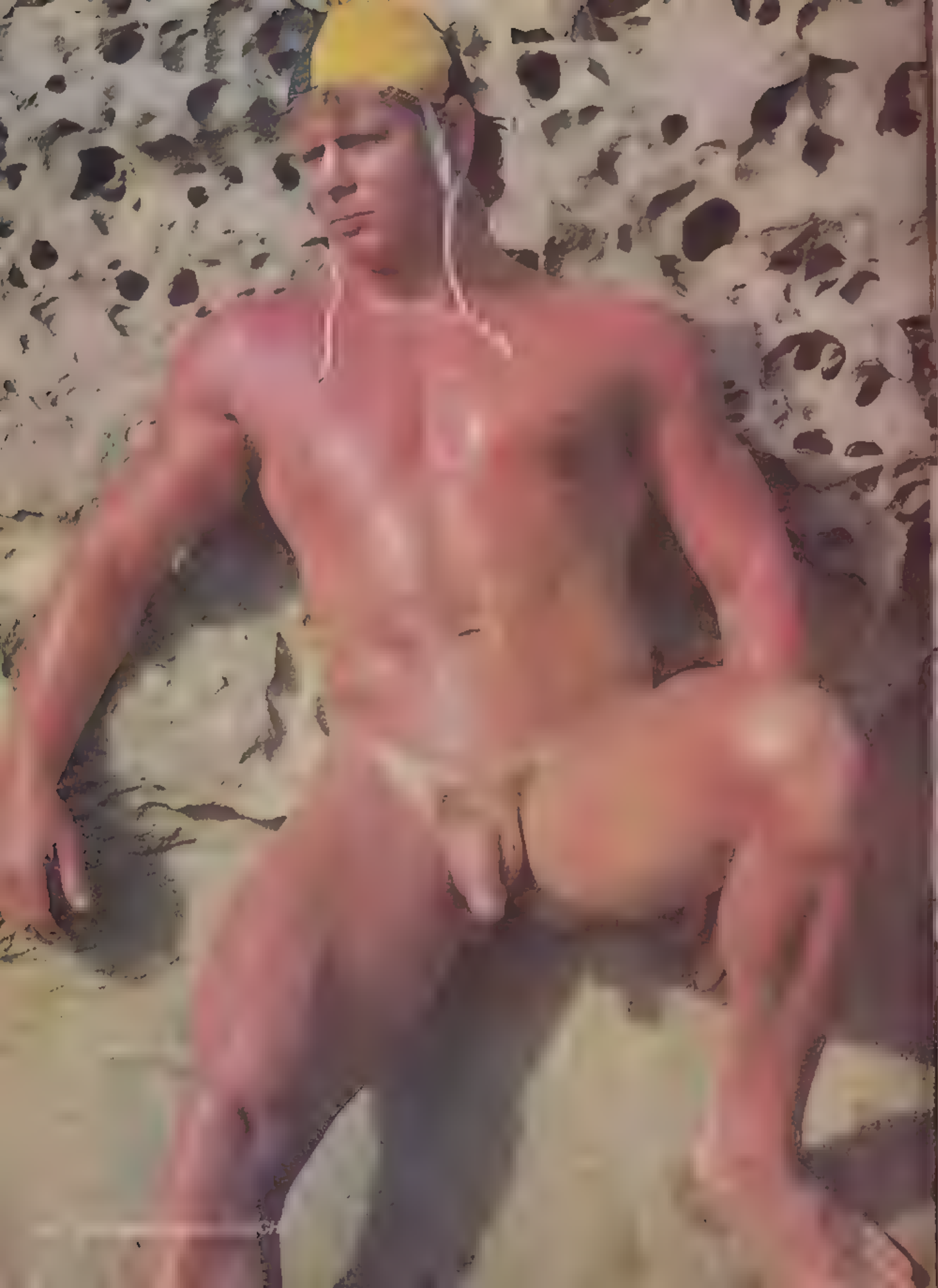

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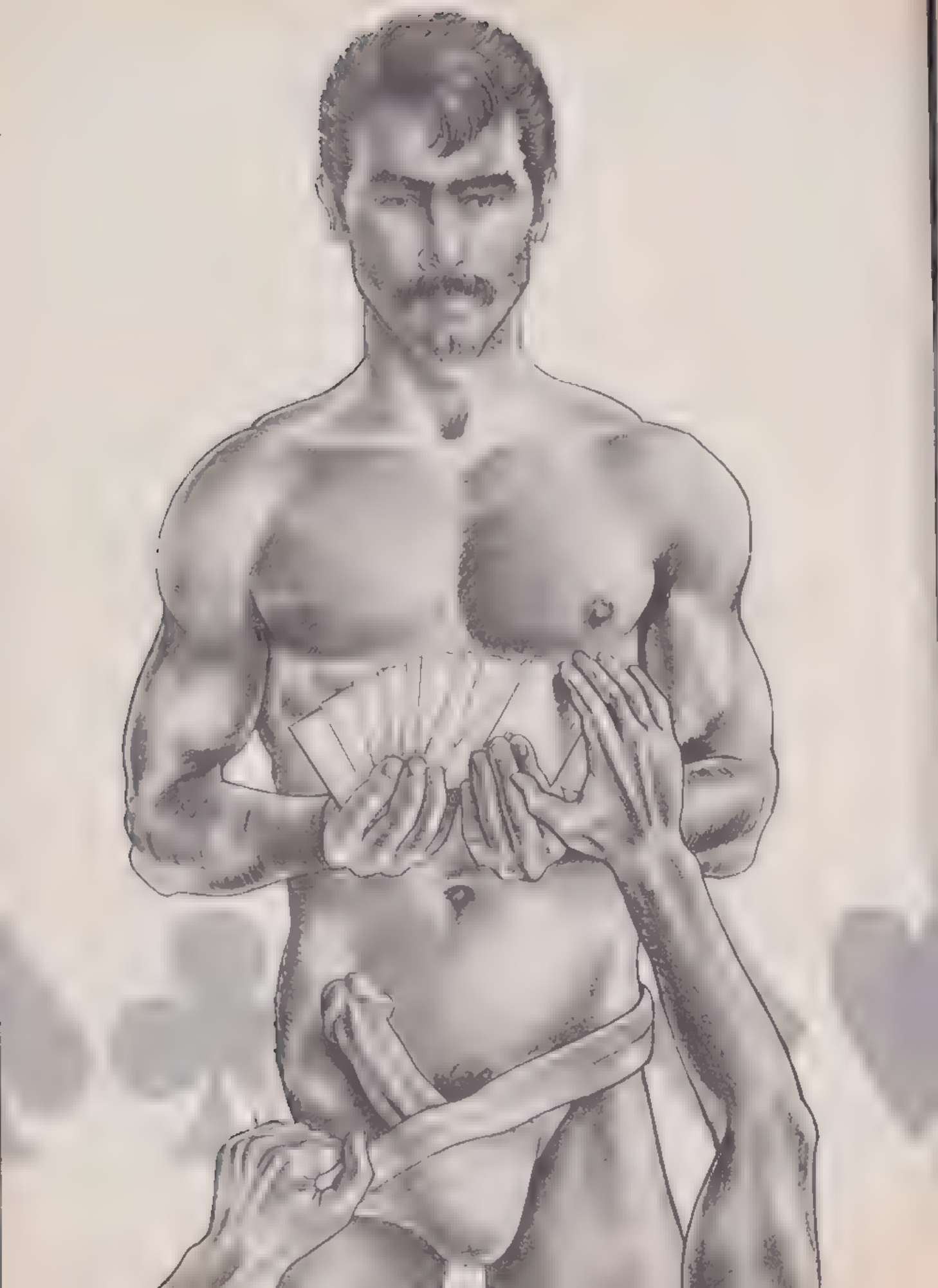

STUD P·O·K·E·R

Joey eyed the group of horny-looking studs who'd been eyeing him. He thought they wanted him for an orgy but it turned out they needed him for a card game. "Hey, man," one of them asked, "how about a little poker?" "I'd rather have a big poker," Joey leered.

BY JOSH LLOYD • ART BY PETROSKI

Joey Ramirez leaned against the bar, his thumbs hooked into the pockets of his tight white jeans. His dark eyes were hidden behind half-closed lids. He seemed to be dozing, but he was really watching. Cruising. And unknown to Joey, other eyes were watching him.

Bud Goodrowe nudged his companion and pointed to the Latino stud. "What about him? Nice pecs, hairy chest, and a gold earring that makes him look like a pirate. You oughta go for that, Popeye."

"Popeye" had a bald head and bulging forearms, but otherwise the ex-seaman didn't resemble the cartoon sailor. He'd rather suck on a fat, meaty dick than a can of spinach; anticipating his next meal, he smacked his lips as he studied Ramirez. "I don't know," he said. "Jack can't come, and his replacement has to fit the role."

"He looks even bigger than Jack," said Bud. "And he's fondling himself."

Popeye hesitated a minute longer. Ramirez reached down and scratched his balls through the straining fly of his jeans. Popeye's resistance crumbled. "But can he play cards?" he growled.

Bud grinned. "Let's find out."

Approaching from opposite sides, they stalked their prey. Joey saw them coming and bared his teeth in a sharklike smile. Judging from the muscular bodies and hungry eyes of the strangers, he was in for some rough and rugged action.

"Hey, man," said the younger of the two, "how'd you like to go to our place for a little poker?"

"I'd rather have a big poker," Joey leered.

"That's not funny, asshole!" The bald, wiry guy, obviously an ex-Navyman like Joey himself, smashed his fist down on the bar. "We want you for a card game, and we take our card-playing seriously. Now, you interested or not?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm interested," said Joey slowly. He was horny, and these guys were the best pieces he'd seen all night. There had to be more to their offer than a simple card game.

But maybe not. When he reached their apartment, there were two more guys waiting. If you could call them guys. Garry was a slender black dude with jheri-curled hair who resembled a taller version of Prince. Glen, a redhead, looked like he had mascara on his curly lashes. What could these two have in common with the tough sailor and the butch blond giant?

Joey's puzzlement grew as Popeye gestured toward the kitchen table. Joey took his seat with the others. Popeye produced beer, pretzels, and a pack of cards. Shit! It wasn't an orgy after all. They were actually going to play cards.

"Hold it," said Glen, as Popeye started to deal. "Does Joey know the rules?"

"Shit, I forgot. Here."

Popeye thrust a grimy paper into Joey's hand. He read it and was more mystified than ever. He read it a second time, but still it made no sense.

"Popeye, king of clubs," read Joey aloud, hoping the others would explain it to him. "Bud, straight. Glen, queen of hearts. Garry, queen of spades (can only be played as a pair). Jack, any jack. Payoffs on winning hands only. Remember: If you lose your shirt, you bet your ass."

He waited expectantly, but no one came to his aid. "What the hell is this?" he asked.

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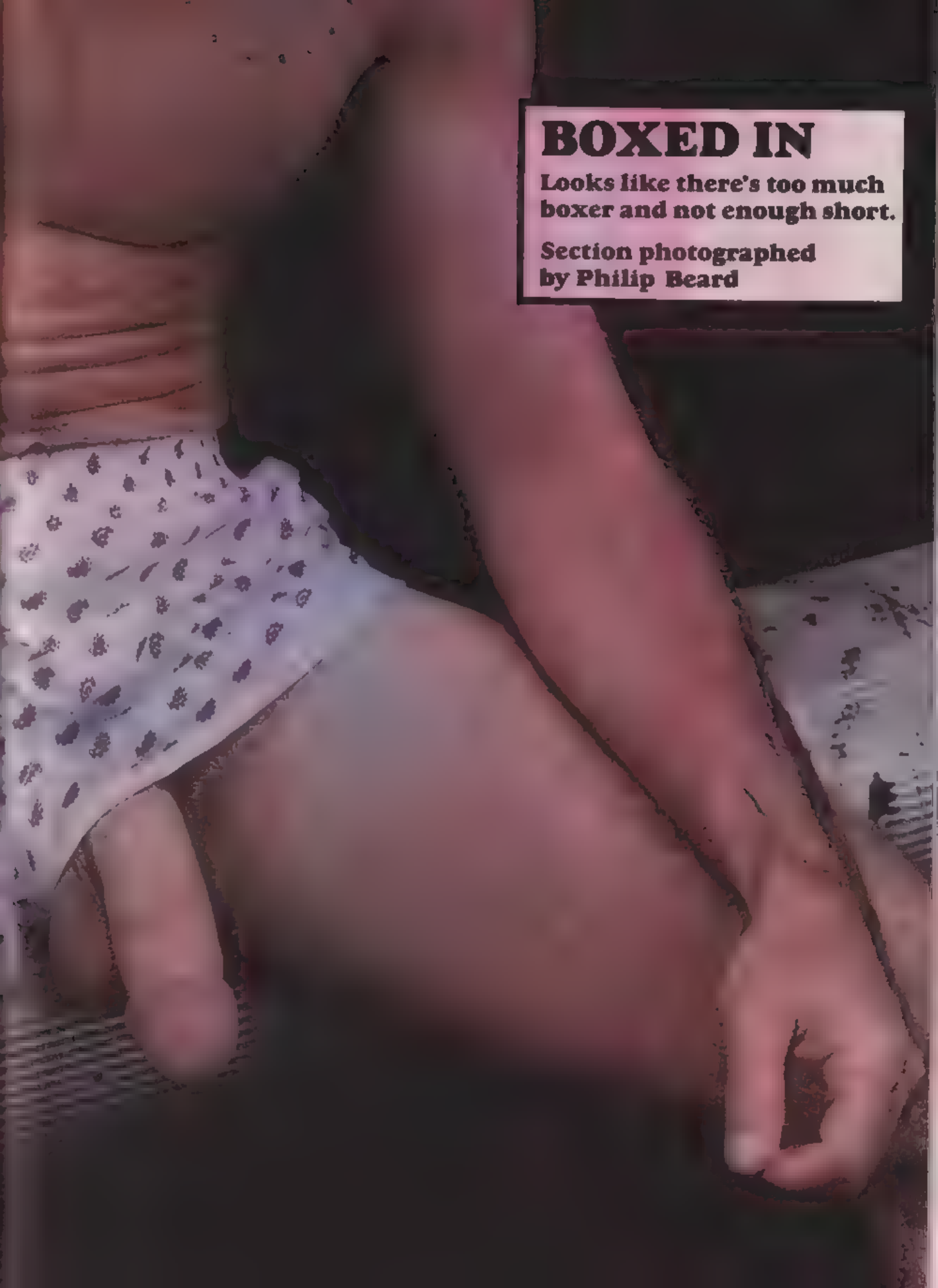

BOXED IN

Looks like there's too much boxer and not enough short.

Section photographed by Philip Beard

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STUD POKER

Continued from page 51

at last

"You're Jack. You're taking his place," said Bud

"I've only got twenty bucks," said Joey nervously.

"That's okay," said Popeye, shuffling the deck. "Gentlemen, the game is five card stud. Or should I say, five stud cards?"

Nobody laughed. Maybe this is strip poker, Joey thought. But he was proven wrong as money began to change hands. No one disrobed. Joey began to panic as his own stack of coins dwindled. These men played for high stakes! What would happen if he couldn't hold his own?

He played more fiercely, focusing all his concentration on the game, but he lost another hand, this time to Garry. The black man gave a falsetto giggle as he displayed a full house, kings over aces.

"Hold it," growled Popeye, as Garry began to shuffle. "Your winning hand included the king of clubs."

"Oh. Yeah, it did." For some reason, Garry didn't look entirely happy. Slowly he rose from the table and started toward a connecting door that led, Joey guessed, to the bedroom. When Popeye got up and followed him, Joey's cock began to throb. Popeye was the king of clubs! Garry won the hand, and now he was going to make it with Popeye! Joey must have been dumb not to figure it out sooner.

Popeye had his belt unbuckled before he reached the door. The brawny sailor's biceps flexed as he yanked the length of leather from his beltloops and wound the end around his meaty fist. Joey craned his neck. His eyes and cock strained toward the commanding figure. But suddenly Popeye slammed the door, cutting off Joey's view.

"Joey! Snap out of it!" Bud barked. "Ante up."

"We're going to keep playing?" asked Joey in disbelief.

For an answer, Bud threw 50 cents in the center of the table. Joey put in two quarters, but he barely had time to glance at his cards before familiar sounds began issuing from behind the bedroom door. Groaning. Panting. Pain mixed with pleasure. The sharp snap of leather on flesh. Manly grunts as Popeye swung the belt with such force that his mighty arms ached with exertion. Joey could almost see the sweating, redfaced sailor beating away at the squirming, bucking ass. Joey's hands trembled as his cock shuddered. Christ, he didn't want to play poker, he wanted to be in that bedroom getting a taste of Popeye's leather and a piece of Garry's ass. Failing that, he wanted to throw down his cards, rip open his fly, and blast cum all over the table. What he was going to do, he realized, was come in his pants. It was a poor third choice, but he had to do something. He couldn't just sit there ignoring the creaking bedsprings and masculine moans that were so close, yet so far away.

Joey finally caught on: in this game of stud poker, it was the loser who was really the winner. He would have to lose, and lose so badly that the winner would have no choice but to fuck him. Joey was lucky in love but unlucky at cards.

"For the fifth time," said Bud sarcastically, "are you in or out?"

With difficulty, Joey held back his load, focused his eyes, and gasped, "I'm in."

"Harder! Harder!" Garry screamed. His cries were punctured by stinging slaps. "Harder!" CRACK! "Harder!" CRACK!

Joey bit back a moan. He didn't realize that he'd just tossed his last quarter into the pot even though he held what was surely a losing hand. The game didn't matter. In fact, if he lost his money they would have to cancel the game, and the real fun could begin.

Silence from behind the door. Just as Bud raked in the pot, Garry and Popeye emerged from the bedroom. Garry's hair was mussed, but he was grinning. Both slid into their seats, and Glen dealt them cards as if they'd never left the game.

"What're you staring at?" Popeye asked Joey.

"Nothing."

"Ante up."

Joey shrugged, muscles rippling. "Guys, I'm broke."

"You know the rule," said Glen. "You bet your shirt."

"You mean I have to take it off?"

"You have to give it away to the winner," Glen explained. "And I must say I'd like to win it. It would be too big for me, but I could have a ball sniffing the armpits."

Joey laughed, then broke off when he realized Glen was serious. Give away his new white mesh T-shirt? He gritted his teeth and concentrated on his cards, but he had a pair of aces and Popeye had two pairs, aces and sevens. It wasn't a great hand, but it earned Popeye the pot. Reluctantly, Joey pulled his shirt over his head.

"Now we're getting somewhere." Popeye licked his lips. His calloused finger reached out to stroke Joey's hardening nipple. Joey groaned as the sailor's expert fingers kneaded the brown peak into full erection. His cock was erect, too. Weren't these sadistic prickteasers going to do anything about it?

Popeye's hands slid smoothly down to Joey's navel, which peeked above the low-slung waist of his jeans. As the rough hands massaged his sensitive belly, Joey felt wave after wave of electricity jolt through his body. It made his knees weak and his ass muscles quiver, but mostly it centered in his cock, which stretched full length and grew hard as stone. If only he didn't have to keep it penned up in his jeans! But was now the moment to release it? He wasn't certain. Although Popeye seemed ready, the other men were resuming their card play.

"Into the bedroom," Popeye murmured.

Joey was happy to obey. The door closed and he reached for his belt, but Popeye beat him to it. The sailor's ravenous hands ripped open Joey's fly and yanked his pants down to his knees.

Eagerly, Joey grabbed Popeye's belt, but the brawny sailor broke away. "None of that," he growled. "This is my payoff, not yours. I won with two aces, two sevens, and the jack of diamonds. So go ahead and jack. Pump that pole. I wanna see, smell, and taste cream, and I wanna be back in the game when they deal the next hand."

"I get it," said Joey. "Certain cards for certain people *and* specific activities. I don't just have to *be* Jack, I have to do it!"

"You're real bright," said Popeye sarcastically. "Quit yacking and start jacking!"

Joey wrapped his hands around his cock and squeezed. A two-handed stroke worked best for him, because his shaft was so thick. Anything less than both fists and his arm got tired.

He looked across at Popeye, whose eyes were hot and lips moist with lust. Too bad those fleshy lips couldn't clamp around his dick and save his hands the trouble. Some guys balked at giving Joey blow-jobs, but

Popeye looked like he could take it. Like he *wanted* to take it. So why was he just standing there, shifting from one foot to the other because his hard-on wouldn't let him stand still? Why were Popeye's hands clasping each other, when they were itching to clench Joey's dick? What needless self-torture! What a stickler for rules this guy was!

Joey wondered if Popeye could be tempted. He stepped closer to the horny sailor. "Don't you like this?" he asked in a husky whisper, stretching his rigid cock to its fullest. "Don't you want to give me a hand?"

"Yeah, I want to." Popeye was tempted, but strong. "We got our rules, though, Joey. Payoff on a jack is look but don't touch."

Joey shrugged. Popeye was the one suffering, not Joey. It made no difference to Joey whether he got off by hand or by another guy's hungry mouth. He pumped his cock more vigorously, encouraged by the hard bulge in Popeye's jeans. At last he shot, and apparently at that point the no-touching rule didn't apply. Popeye groaned and swooped down on Joey's dick. He licked cum from the sides of Joey's hairy balls, but never once put the cockhead in his mouth. Another rule, Joey wondered?

"Do any of these payoffs involve fucking?" asked Joey, as he zipped his pants. Jacking off had given him physical release, but he wanted more.

"You'll see," Popeye laughed. "You lost your shirt, and now you got to bet your ass."

They got back into the game. Joey had it all figured out now. He was going to deliberately lose this hand so that whoever won it would give him the fucking of his life. It was the damnedest thing, though. When his first five cards were dealt to him, they came up two, three, four, five, and six. A natural straight. There was no way he could lose.

He displayed his hand, raked in a pile of money, and saw hunky blond Bud Goodrowe smiling at him. "You win," said Bud. He started for the bedroom, calling over his shoulder to Popeye, "Keep my seat warm!"

"I'll keep your seat warm," panted Joey, grabbing Bud's ass. Bud was the best-looking guy in the game: young, hard, with melting blue eyes. Joey leaned down to kiss Bud's half-open lips, but Bud put two hands on Joey's bare chest and shoved him away.

"I'm straight," Bud reminded him.

"Like hell you are!" exploded Joey. "Aren't you and Popeye lovers?"

"Sure. But for the game, I'm straight."

"Then what are we going to do? Talk for five minutes? Or have you got a naked woman in here?"

Bud laughed. "No, man, you're going to give me a blow-job. A straight guy would let you do that. But no kissing and no lovey-dovey talk. On your knees, cocksucker!"

Joey knelt, and Bud rammed his meaty cock down Joey's throat. He did it like a straight, or like Joey imagined a straight would do it. Bud showed no tenderness, no consideration for what his partner was feeling. He just brutally fucked, but that was okay with Joey. He liked his action fast and rough, the more savage the better. There was only one problem. His face was getting thoroughly fucked, but he'd rather be fucked in the ass! Each time Bud's cock surged down Joey's throat, Joey's asshole pulsated in rhythm.

The flavor of Bud's hot cream only whetted Joey's appetite for more. He wanted to be used, abused, ridden, driven — but this was the end, not the beginning. As soon as Bud shot, he pulled out and zipped his pants. He wouldn't let Joey touch him again. No straight guy would.

There was only one way to turn this game in his favor, realized Joey as they resumed card play. He would have to lose, and lose so badly that the winner would have no choice but to fuck him. That shouldn't be too difficult. Joey was lucky in love, unlucky at cards, as the proverb said.

But the pile of money he'd won on his straight stood between him and a heavy loss. He lost the next hand, but his cash covered it. He lost the following hand, and again his money was sufficient. The winner, Bud, displayed a pair of queens, and vanished into the bedroom with Glen and Garry. Loud whoops and grunts filtered through the door. I'll bet he's not giving *them* any straight act, thought Joey jealously.

Popeye dealt cards to the two of them, but Joey was in no mood to follow the game. Joey listened to the passionate groans of Bud, Glen, and Garry, while Popeye won the hand. Grinning wickedly he said, "Looks like you haven't enough dough to cover it."

Joey's grin was broader than Popeye's. "You got it, man. Take me."

When the three emerged from the bedroom, they found Joey and Popeye thrashing around on the carpet. The brawny sailor pounded into Joey's ass, driving deep with each thrust of his powerful hips. Rough and rugged—just the way Joey liked it. He twisted and bucked under the brutal assault, but his body arched toward the thrusts, not away.

"Couldn't wait, could they?" chuckled Glen.

"We could join them," suggested Garry. He'd just come from some hot and heavy action in the bedroom, but the sight of the writhing studs made his cock rise again.

"No, you know the rules," said Bud, taking his seat at the table. "Besides, we'll get our chance. He's flat broke, shirtless, with nothing to bet but his ass."

Of course it was an all-night poker game. When dawn streaked the sky and Joey, no longer horny, said good-bye to the group, he tried to set up a date for next week.

Continued to page 75

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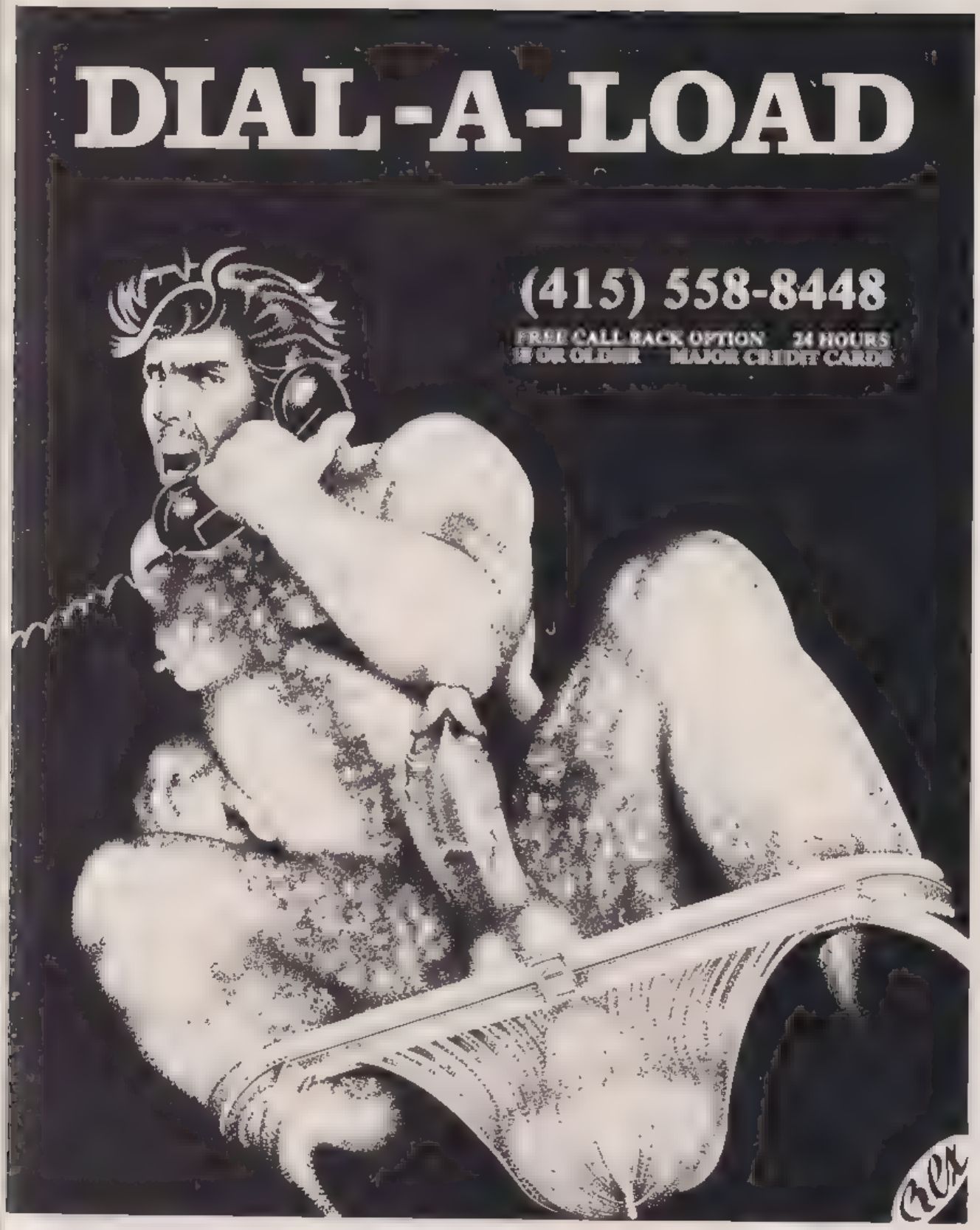
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FIREMEN BALL

Continued from page 40

shoulder at John, who was staring right at him. John quickly contained himself and went on cracking eggs into a huge aluminum bowl. Jorgen grinned at Brian. "How's it feel to finally get some *real* meat in your mitts, Brian?" growled John, grinning smarmily. Brian turned with the large platter of bacon and laughed. "At least it doesn't have any *cheese* on it. You wash that overhang of yours today? Smells funny in here." The others were chuckling at the daily jousts. All except Jorgen, who glared sullenly at John. John shot darting glances in Jorgen's direction. But was he looking to see if Jorgen was laughing, or was he dazzled by the brute beauty?

John didn't question his thoughts for long. Their three-day shift was over that night. As they dressed in their civilian clothes, John glanced at Brian and Jorgen. Jorgen was unrolling his socks, his long log resting on the bench. Brian was tugging up his too-tight jeans. "Suck in that gut," John yapped, "No wonder your seams are bustin' Too much bacon." Brian, glancing over at Jorgen, laughed along with the others, but his laugh was different now. It was a knowing laugh, prophetic. Jorgen said nothing.

Everybody piled into their cars in the lot. John was the last to leave, spending a longer time at the mirror getting his black curly hair just right. He strutted to his red Honda, threw his filthy three-day-old clothes into the back seat, then started the long drive home. As he got under the Brooklyn-Queen's Expressway, he was aware of another car approaching rapidly. No other cars were out at 4:30 a.m. It sidled up to John's car and started to slide into his lane. John pulled out of the way and screeched to a halt. The other car stopped next to him. Brian and Jorgen jumped out, raced to John's car, opened his door, and overpowered him before he knew what was happening. They pulled him out, grabbed his clothes from the back seat, and used them to tie him up. They gagged him with his underwear, locked his car, threw him into their back seat, and sped off into the blackness of pre-dawn.

John bounced around in the back seat of the car, partially from the speed at which they took corners and partially from his attempts to free himself. The effort was futile. Jorgen's knots held him bound. John ended up on the floor, as Jorgen and Brian sped to their brownstone's garage, a two-story building next to the four-story house. They closed and locked the doors behind them. Inside was a large red pickup truck with a huge hood ornament in the shape of a fire hose. Two large spotlights sat on each fender, as red as the ten layers of red lacquer on the truck.

John was pulled kicking from the truck. "Good. Keep fightin', boy. We don't want you to give up *too* quick," Brian chortled, holding John's shoulders. Jorgen had the harder job of restraining John's flailing feet and legs. They hauled him up the shallow-lipped steps to the room above the garage. The door slammed hydraulically behind them and all street noise ceased. The walls had been hung with thick leather pads. John was dropped carefully on the rubber-tiled floor, still bound. He darted fearful eyes around. Spotlights were recessed in the ceiling. There were four huge beds covered with silver leather. A gleaming chrome pole in the center of the room disappeared through the floor.

Brian went to a rear wall that consisted of two ten-foot-wide polished chrome panels. He opened one, revealing racks of state-of-the-art video and stereo components. Brian touched one panel and the lights in the room came on, dimly, warmly, and—to John—ominously slowly. Another finger-touch brought deep bass sounds of electronic music. Opening the refrigerator, Brian took out three ice-cold cans of beer. Most of the refrigerator was filled with six-packs. Jorgen disappeared behind a side door leading to a second room.

Brian walked to John, still lying on the floor. "Comfy?" He grinned eerily at the powerfully built, handsome captive, enjoying the look of terror and confusion on his face. It was a smooth face, completely unlined by the aches and humiliations of life. But now it was twisted in a tortured grimace. Brian sipped his beer, placed the other two on a nearby chrome cube, and got undressed. John looked away. "You'll get a real good look at me soon, sonny-boy, real close-up." Brian's voice had a commanding tone, a fierce edge that John had never heard before.

Brian, bare-assed, was pulling on big rubber fire boots. From John's worm's-eye-view, it seemed that Brian had grown wider and taller, or was that just an illusion caused by the lighting? Brian's gut was overshadowed by the massiveness of his thick legs and hard, carved shoulders. His fat cock bobbed around as he got the second boot on. A studded leather cockring encased the bottom half of his near-hard shaft. His ice-blue stare rivetted John's black eyes. Brian reached into a black-lacquered chest at the foot of one of the beds and pulled out four sets of gleaming handcuffs, and two sets of leg irons. Suddenly, and for the first time in his life, John felt raw panic.

"Please," John whined, "no more. Please. I can't." Brian grabbed him by the forelocks and spat into his face. "You're gonna say please, but not for us to stop, little boy. You're gonna beg for more—hear?"

Jorgen emerged from the other room wearing rubber boots, a wide studded belt with a huge buckle, leather gloves with wide cuffs, and a fireman's helmet. He carried several lengths of chrome-cabled hoses, one attached to an odd-looking bowl-shaped object. He stepped over John and reached for a beer. "What a shitty fuckin' host y'are Brian. Give John a beer." Brian split open a can, tugged John's gag down, and poured beer into his mouth. John tried to pull his face away, but Brian grabbed his neck hairs and pulled sharply. "You can either drink it, or I'll pull your pretty hair out, lock by lock, faggot!" Brian hissed.

John opened his mouth and guzzled as fast as Brian poured, the bubbles burning the back of his throat. "Good boy," Jorgen said. "He's a fast learner. I knew he'd make a good pupil." Jorgen dropped the rigging he carried, went to the rear wall to get a

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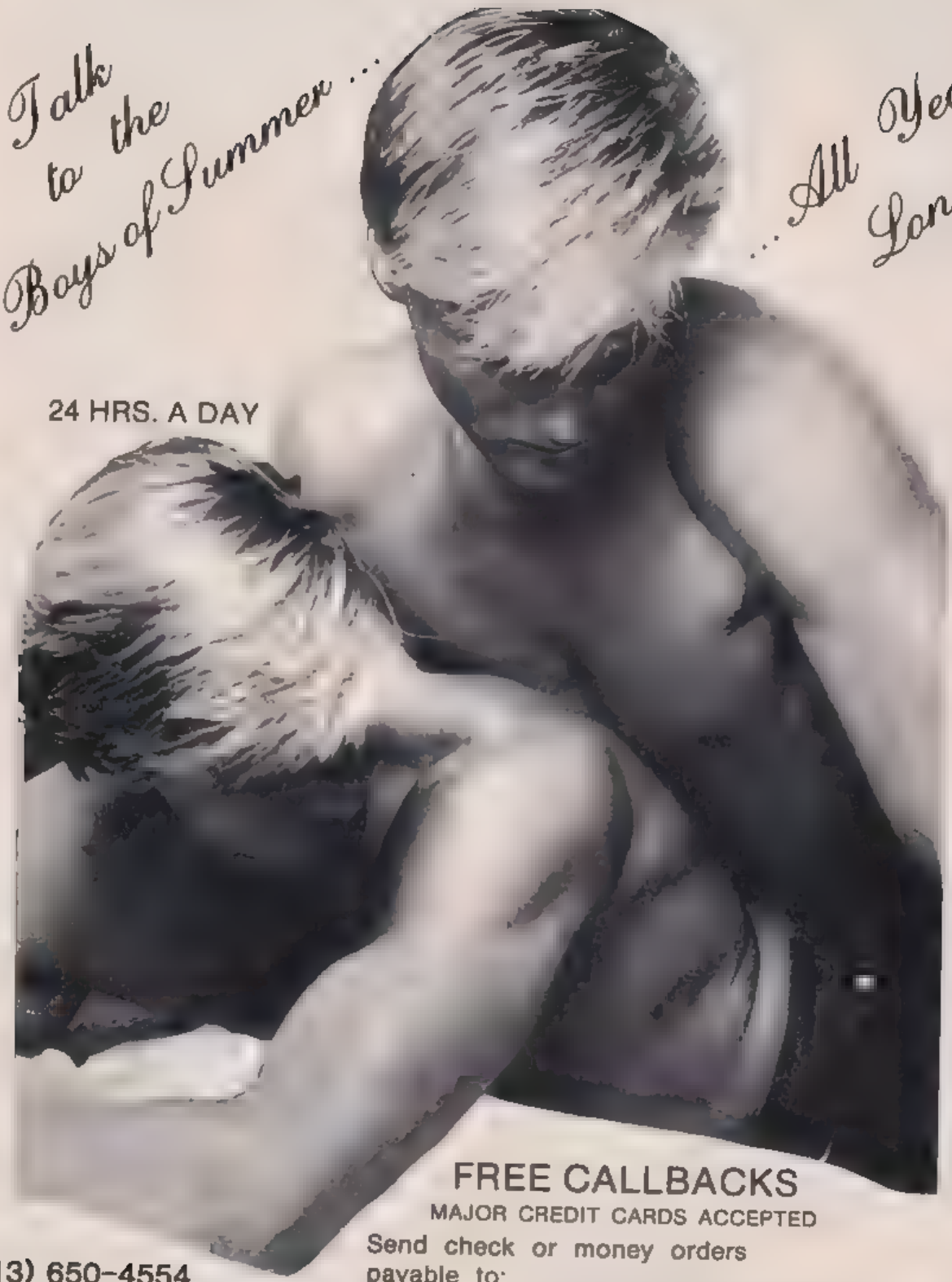

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FIREMEN BALL

Continued from page 60

huge bucket of ice, and put several beers into it. He set it down by Brian, then went to the other chrome wall. John watched the gargantuan proportions of Jorgen's back, butt, and legs as he lumbered across the floor. He was hairless except for his golden cock-bush and the brown muffs in his armpits. His fat cock waved like a fire hose as he walked, an inch or so of foreskin hanging below.

The wall opened and John had new reason to fear this Nordic giant. Inset in the wall were six sets of shackles, three on top for hands and three on the bottom for feet, with three different-size protruding, rubber cocks halfway between the foot and hand shackles. A man could be bound hand and foot and mounted on any of those gleaming white gourds! Towards the end of the wall were three hose nozzles, also of varying widths and lengths. Jorgen opened a panel on the floor which housed a long, narrow drain trough that ran the length of the second chrome wall, under the shackles. Under each hose nozzle was a set of faucet knobs, polished gleaming silver. John's mouth went dry.

"Hey, fellah, you're lookin' a mite dry. Here." Brian grinned as he poured more beer down John's throat and drained his own beer can. At the shackle wall, Jorgen pulled out the smallest-nozzled hose and dragged the thick length across the floor, resting the opening by John's ass. Jorgen winked at Brian. "Looks like it should fit." He chugged the last of his beer as he watched John struggle to swallow the torrent Brian poured into him. "Fill 'im up, baby. Bloat that washboard tummy out real good," Jorgen said as he walked over to Brian. He opened himself another can and reached down for Brian's meaty globes. He ran his hand under Brian's shit-hole, then brought his hand to his face and smelled it. "Yeah, babe. I could spot you in the dark with that ripe smell o' yer arse," Jorgen whispered. He ran his fingers under John's nose and hissed menacingly, "Get used to that smell, shit-head. You're gonna know it *real* well after tonight. . . If you *make* it through the night, that is." Brian poured the last of the beer down John's pipe and leaned over to shove his tongue into Jorgen's mouth. They kissed deep and long, barely an inch from John's face. Saliva from their kisses dribbled onto John's beer-soaked moustache hairs, but he dared not move from the foamy waterfall.

"Ever kiss anyone like that, Johnny-boy?" Brian sprayed beer-spit into John's eyes with his question. "Nah, only *men* kiss like that. . .not candy-assed little daddy's boys like you. Don't worry though, we're gonna teach ya." At this, Brian pulled open John's jaws and Jorgen shoved his tongue into John's mouth, spurting warm beer down John's gullet. John gagged and bucked, but the hard slap from Brian's big paw stopped him. Jorgen tore at John's lips with his teeth and tongue. Brian's fingers gripped purple marks into John's cheeks. "That's it. Give daddy a big kiss. I seen those looks you give my lover." Brian spritzed into John's eye. "Now kiss him! Suck face wit' 'im!" Brian tongued John's ear and neck.

Brian and Jorgen downed several more beers, forcing John to do the same. They sat eye-to-eye with him as quarts of cold fizz filled their bellies. John was reeling from the booze and from lack of circulation caused by his bindings. "Aw, poor kid, his hands are turnin' purple. Let's get him into more comfy nighties, huh Brian?" Brian reached for two sets of shackles, while Jorgen ripped John's well-pressed civvies into tatters around him. He left him gagged, but undid the tied clothes as Brian shackled his hands and feet behind him.

John's cock betrayed him: he was half-hard.

"Well, lookit that. This fairy's enjoyin' it. Must like your kisses more'n I thought, Jorgen," Brian laughed, tugging the shackles together behind John. Escape was impossible and movement was minimal.

"We know about you big, beefy daddy's boys. Don't take too much to push you over that edge—right into Daddy's arms," Jorgen said. He and Brian stood over John now, arms draped over each other, draining another beer. "Shit," Brian said to Jorgen," I think that fuckin' toilet's broke again and I gotta piss like crazy!" They pulled John, quite drunk now, over to the floor trough. They placed his head in the cold stainless steel gutter, and with each placing a foot at his neck, they started to piss on him, aiming for his eye and nose. John gagged and spun his head like a wet dog, but the big boots held him in place. His eyes burned from the steamy, salty jetspray, and his nose was raw from snorting the stuff.

Drained, Jorgen reached for a nozzle in the wall, while Brian dragged the sneezing, choking John across the floor. Jorgen hosed down the trough, turned off the faucets, and replaced the nozzle. "A good engineer always leaves his work area clean," grinned Jorgen, piss still dribbling out of his foreskin. Brian reached into the bed chest again and pulled out a butt plug, spit on it, and turned John over. "Move *once* and I go for a *larger* size, toilet-face.

You stink like a mule, y'know, not like that faggot perfume you usually wear. This here's *real* toilet water!" Both Jorgen and Brian hooted over Brian's crack

Jorgen picked up the strange-looking chrome bowl with the hose attached. John moaned as the butt plug slid into his cherry shit-chute. "Wait, Johnny-boy, you're gonna get bigger than *that* in there, and *beg* for more, you squirmin' maggot!" Brian growled. "Oooooo, you get me so crazy when you're romantic," giggled Jorgen. He put the strap that hung from the bowl around John's head, the bowl resting in front of his face, blinding him to everything else. The hose ran into the bowl, and there was a small air hole above it. This small dot of light was all that John could see. He felt himself being raised and heard the sound of pulleys. His hands and the irons on his feet snapped onto something and he hung face-up in midair

He heard Jorgen's voice nearby. Suddenly there was a searing slap against his ass. Clenching his sore cheeks reminded John he still had a plug up his sore hole. A belt of some sort went around him, trapping the plug in place. He felt the hose in the bowl move and his body swayed slightly in the air. There was the sound of water running, or so he thought. What it turned out to be was Jorgen pissing into the hose, the gusher splattering into John's face and filling the bowl. "The only way you won't drown in there is to drink my fuckin' piss, little boy," Jorgen whispered into John's ear. He swatted John's ass again, as hot piss ran into John's mouth

The hose wiggled again, and Brian slid his cock into it, letting more piss flood John's stomach. When he was done, he clamped the hose onto John's own cock. "Poor thing, we haven't let 'im piss yet." Swat! Another hard whack on John's ass, and Brian continued, "Now, *piss*!" He wiggled the butt plug to relax John's sphincter—and the eruption began. John's own piss washed into his face and down his throat. Brian wiggled the butt plug some more, then slapped John's fully-erect cock. "You sure were right, darlin'. This 'un's a great pupil! Lookit that fuckin' rod—harder 'n yours even!" John felt Jorgen's hands pull down hard on his balls as Brian slapped his cock. "Drain it out, baby. That's a good little boy. Daddy *loves* his little boy when he does as he's told." Whack! Another slam to the butt from Brian

John was unshackled, the bowl taken off, and he was shoved to the wall. Brian bound him hand and foot, while Jorgen spit on the eight-inch dildo behind John's ass. Brian pulled out the butt plug and forced John to lick his own ass-juices off it. "Always clean up after you're finished with your toys, little boy." John was reeling by now. The booze, the piss, the slaps . . . all had him in a delirium. Yet a part of him was fully aware of what was being done to him, and committing it to memory. He felt a hot, wet mouth on his cock, sucking gently in long, deep strokes. He looked down and saw the gold-flecked curls of Jorgen's head

His eyes couldn't quite focus, from the beer in his belly and the piss in his face, but those huge shoulders could be seen for miles. Jorgen ran his hands lovingly over John's spectacularly developed muscles. His touch was so gentle, so tender, sooooooo slow. John was withering under the caresses, all tension and fear leaving him. Jorgen held John by the hips and slid his body back and forth so that John's cock eased in and out of Jorgen's hot, wet, puckered lips. Suddenly, with one quick backward thrust, Jorgen impaled John on the big dildo, sinking it deep into John's guts. He screamed so loud, Brian jumped a bit. "Go ahead, little boy, call for your mommy. These walls don't let *any* sound out. Scream your fuckin' faggot face off!"

Jorgen grabbed John by his fast-drooping hard-on and yanked him off the dildo. John thought half his insides came with it. Jorgen turned him around and faced him to the wall. "I think we oughta clean his hole up a little. Doncha think so, honey?" Brian pulled the largest hose nozzle from the wall and stretched a long length of it out, while Jorgen turned on the faucet marked cold. Jorgen then spread John's ass cheeks with his gloved paws, and Brian aimed the hose at John's hole and blasted it with a spray that felt like ice pellets.

Jorgen held John's bucking cheeks in place, as John screamed and writhed in the frigid fire that tore at his hole. Brian held the hose real steady, walking closer so the force of the water got more intense. When he got really close in to his asshole, John thought he was going to pass out from the pain. Suddenly the water was turned off. Jorgen reached into the nearby bar for a bottle of brandy and took a swig. "Better warm you up a little, sweet-cakes," Brian murmured. "Wouldn't want daddy's little boy to catch cold." Jorgen went up to John's shitter, pressed his lips against the raging red eye, and shot the brandy inside. At first it burned like a white-hot poker. Then it made his hole numb. The soreness of the hose-blast faded, and Jorgen spat another load of brandy into John's guts. Then Brian shoved an ice cube inside his hole, poking it deep into him, numbing him even more. "I like mine on the rocks,"

chuckled Brian. He put his mouth to John's ass and sucked out the brandy and the ice. "Mmmm . . . now that boy can really mix a drink. Jorgen, you taught him well

Brian stuck three fingers into John's asshole, worked them around a little, then pulled them out and whispered to Jorgen, "He's ready. Get the goop." Jorgen went to the bar and got a jar of grease and smeared it into John's rosette. Before John knew what had happened, Brian's cock had slammed inside his tailpipe; with machine-gun speed, Brian hammered away. John flailed around, hanging and swinging by his shackled hands. Jorgen grabbed his hips to hold him in place while Brian kept up the hammering. Brian quickly shot his load into John's innards. As soon as Brian slid out, Jorgen slammed in, and at nine-and-a-half inches, his mule dick reached up practically into John's lungs. John was raised high in the air, Brian steadying his hips. John gasped for air and screamed as the huge skewer rammed in and out of him

"You been waitin' long enough. Now ya got it. Suck that cock into yer ass!" Brian hissed. Jorgen plowed deep into John's bowels, churning with his fat log until John's inner walls were buttery. When his load started to build, the head of his monster swelled to the size of a baby's fist. He shot ropes of prick-pudding into John's reamed-out rectum. John was in agony, but his mind made note of how long Jorgen came. .and came. .and came! Before he could get used to Jorgen's thick tube, it was ripped out of him and cum ran down the backs of his thighs. "Awww, lookit what a pig you are, you ungrateful little shit! We both give you a nice wet gift and you go and drop it! Fuckin' slob!" Brian hooted

Brian and Jorgen quickly chugged beers. They gave deep long kisses to one another, then swigged more beer. Brian dropped to his knees, sucked at his lover's fuck-hole, then spurted beer into it. "Hold it in, now," Brian said. Jorgen's armor-plated butt clenched tight, holding a big dose of heated beer inside. He chugged more beer and turned Brian around, then dropped to his knees and lathered the dense jungle of fur all over Brian's ass with his wide, beer-soaked tongue. John looked over his shoulder with dazed eyes and watched Jorgen suck into Brian's hole. Brian writhed in the tight grip of Jorgen's huge hands. Brian's cock stood straight up at attention, poking into the profuse belly hairs on his gut.

John turned away again, dangling weakly by his handcuffs. His asshole raged with pain. He heard the sounds of Jorgen swilling more beer and squirting it from his mouth into his lover's steamy vent. Brian moaned as the cool beer shot into him. He squeezed tight to hold it inside. John would have begged for some cooling beer in his hole, if only he'd had the strength. "Suck it up there, darlin'. Get it nice and warm for our baby boy. Wouldn't want him to nurse a cold bottle," Jorgen whispered, just loudly enough for John to hear

They walked over to John and slowly turned him around, pouring beer over his face to revive him. The coolness of the beer felt like balm from heaven to John. He licked some of it off his moustache. "Nah, don't drink this stuff, little boy. We got a fermented vintage for yuh," Brian chuckled, then climbed into Jorgen's gorilla-sized arms. Jorgen held him up to shoulder level and aimed Brian's mangy wet asshole at John's mouth. John turned his face a bit, horrified at the dripping, brown, fur-covered hole. Brian kicked back, landing into John's abdomen. "You'll drink what Daddy gives you!"

Brian, aimed at John's face again, opened his mouth as the hot, funky foam ran down his throat. Then he got down on all fours and Jorgen climbed his back Jorgen's huge white ass hovered over John's mouth John didn't resist. The bright red sphincter poured the beer over his sucking lips

They hosed John again, this time using warm water, and slipped the nozzle into his hole for a few seconds. Then Brian slapped his ass with a violent shock that sent John flying forward on his shackles. "Now let it out, little girl. Clean out your pussy!" Brian yelled at him. John spent himself, then Brian hosed the man-juices off his thighs and Jorgen unshackled his battered body

Jorgen lifted John, flung him over his enormous shoulder like a wet rag-doll, and walked to the pole in the middle of the room. Brian slipped handcuffs back onto John's wrists. "Please," John whined, "no more. Please, I can't." His voice trailed off, a dazed rambling. Brian grabbed him by the forelocks and spat into his face, "You're gonna say please, but not for us to *stop*, little boy. You're gonna beg for *more*—hear?" Jorgen slid down the pole with John over his shoulder He walked to the gleaming red pickup truck. Brian got in and sat in the driver's seat

Jorgen hoisted John onto the hood of the truck and plunked him down on the cold metal hood ornament, gripping the captive's shoulders so he couldn't buck off the big hose nozzle in his butt. Brian started up the engine and the hood heated up quickly, scorching John's ass cheeks, the engine vibrations quivering into his guts. Jorgen stood in front of him on the bumper, his fat cock getting hard again, sweat pouring down his legs.

Jorgen's bludgeon of blood stood straight out, touching John's lips. John opened his mouth for it and felt a slap across his face. Suddenly he was quite conscious again. He looked up into Jorgen's eyes. "Please, please let me. Please." Jorgen grinned and pulled John's face onto his cock. John gagged as it hit the back of his throat. As it slithered down, tears welled up in his eyes.

Suddenly, Brian was out of the truck, straddling between John and Jorgen, whose long dong was still in John's mouth; Brian slipped over it, shoving his ass crack into John's nose. Jorgen hugged Brian with one hand and slammed John's face onto his cock with the other. Brian's asshole ripped blazing man-wind up John's nostrils, the only hole through which he could breathe. Brian leaped off and started to suck John's cock while Jorgen continued to spike John's throat Brian's sucking was as rapid as his ass-fucking, and Jorgen slid long lobbing strokes down John's throat. The vibrations up John's asshole from the engine had his prostate in a maniacal state of excitement.

Jorgen's low-hanging balls slapped against John's chin. He pulled way out, shot the first few oysters of cum onto John's face, then sailed down his throat to let the last strands of juice shoot into his gullet. John nursed the giant's piss-pole like a calf on an udder. Grateful and gratified tears rolled down his cheeks. Suddenly John's boner boiled over; he shot bucking blobs of seed into Brian's mouth Jorgen, his hose still in John's mouth, stroked John's hair, then, grasping him under the armpits, he

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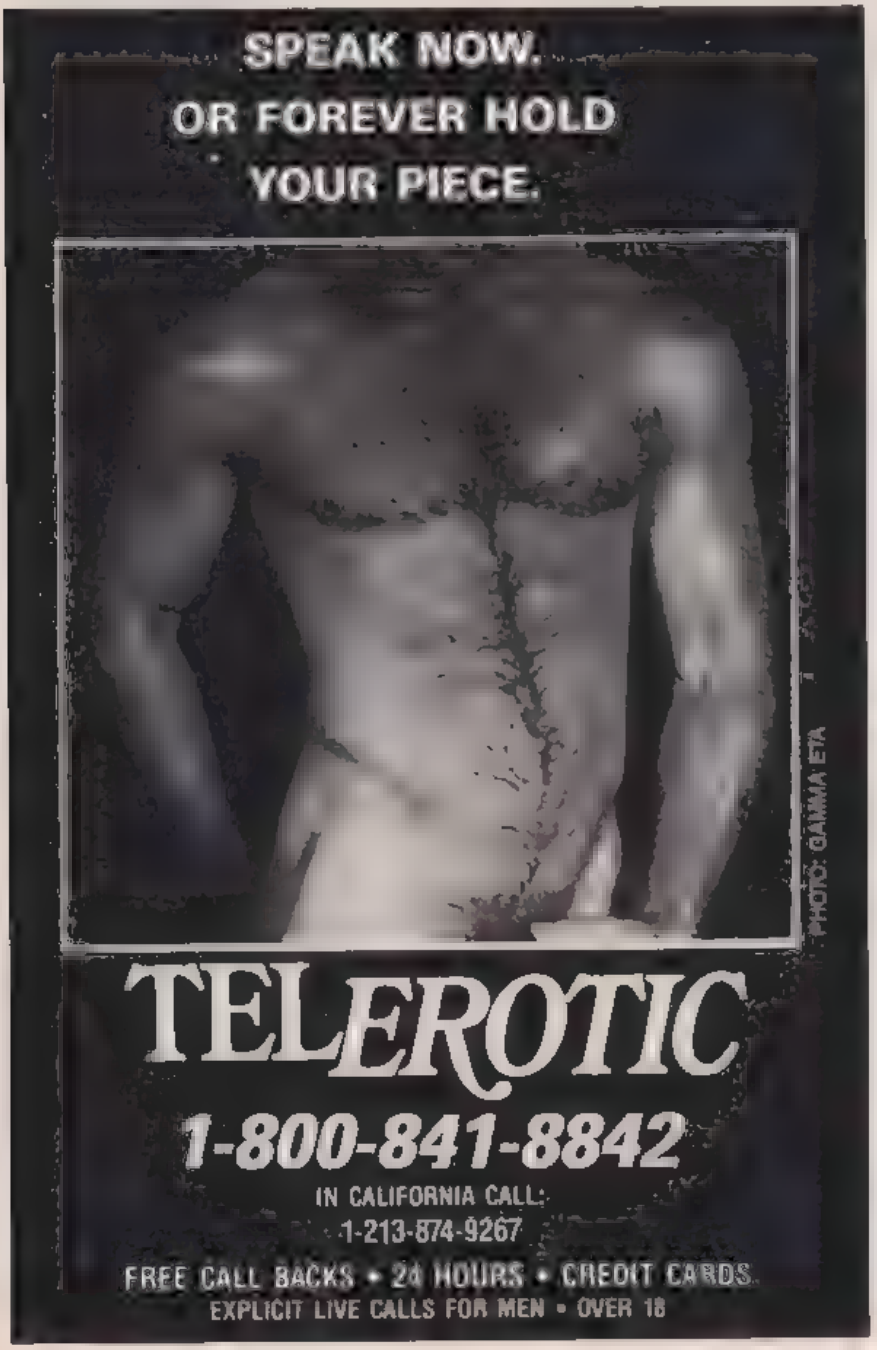
eased the boy off the hood ornament. Brian turned off the motor. Jorgen climbed the steps to the second story with his "good little boy" over his shoulder.

John was carried to the hose wall once more, but this time he was lovingly and gently washed from head to toe by tender, caring, strong hands. Afterwards, he was lifted and carried to a nearby bed and dried with two huge, soft towels. When he opened his eyes, he saw Jorgen standing naked over him, wiping his face. John managed a faint smile. "You did good, boy, real good," Jorgen whispered. Brian wrapped John in a robe and left with the two wet towels. Jorgen held John's limp form in his arms. "Please . . let me stay with you, let me live here, clean for you, anything. Please, sir, let me please you," John whispered into Jorgen's shoulder.

Jorgen cradled him and rocked him gently. "Well, that might not be such a bad idea. Brian and me, we work the same shift alla time. Thing we hate doin' on our time off is housework. A houseboy would be real good. 'Specially one who pays a share of the rent, shops for food, cooks, cleans, does the laundry, and lets us use his body when we see fit." John stared into Jorgen's dazzlingly clear green eyes. "I want more of you. . . much, much more." Jorgen gripped John's shoulders and gently shook him. "Ain't no cheap theater-sex shit we do here. We go on our gut feelin's. You'll get it when you need a good lesson, or when you *deserve* our attention. And if I see you're fuckin' up deliberately, so's to get worked over, you'll be locked in your room and we'll ignore you. You got that? You conduct yourself like a considerate, responsible person. When you don't, you'll get what's comin'."

John nestled close to him. The huge man surrounded the overgrown boy. "Yes. . . I want that. My father spoiled me all my life. Somehow I still didn't feel like he loved me enough. But you . . you get mad enough at me to change me." John held tight to his mentor, still staring into his eyes. "I want that challenge. . . I want *you*." Jorgen smiled and whispered, "Just don't forget for a minute that you're just a satellite to the love Brian and I have. We're two halves of the same pie, him 'n' me. We've given our lives for each other. If you can respect that, you can stay. The day you don't, out you go." John buried his face between the two mounds that swelled Jorgen's chest. "Whatever you say."

John had his own room. He was a model houseboy. Every now and then, though, his boyish ego would get the better of him and he'd have to be baptized again. But the transformation from boy to man was both miraculous and inevitable. Even Jimmy Moon noticed how kindly John would greet him when Jimmy was sweeping out the firehouse. John was punished less and less, but deserved more and more attention. His heroic behavior on the job was now balanced by his humility at home. It truly did feel like home to him. And how many boys can boast of *two* daddies? ■



STUD POKER

Continued from page 58

"Guys, think I could join your poker game permanently?"

"Sorry," Popeye barked, before the others could speak. "Jack's coming back next week. We can't have two Jacks in the game. I don't have *that* much self-control."

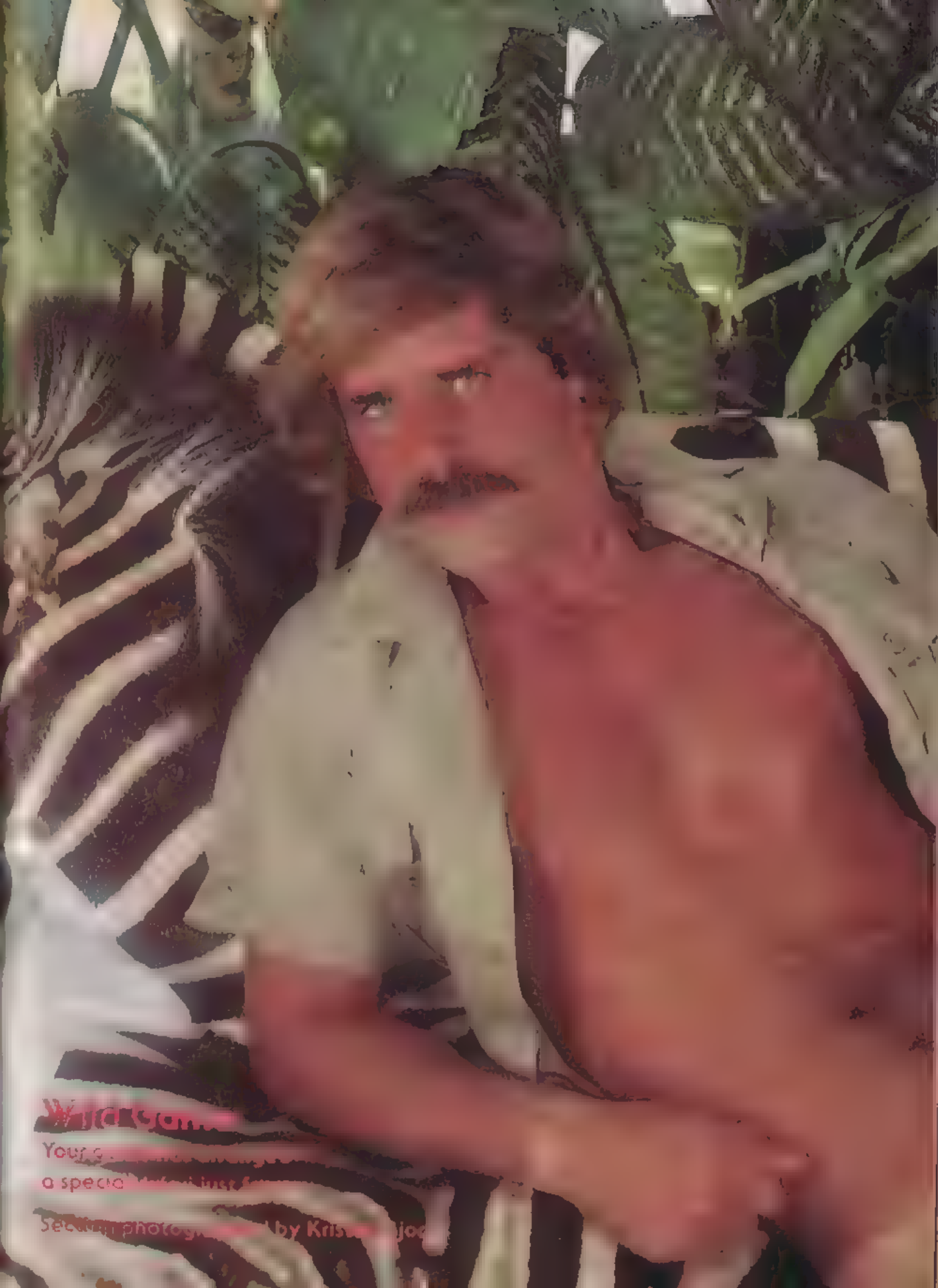
"What if I had my own identity?" Joey asked.

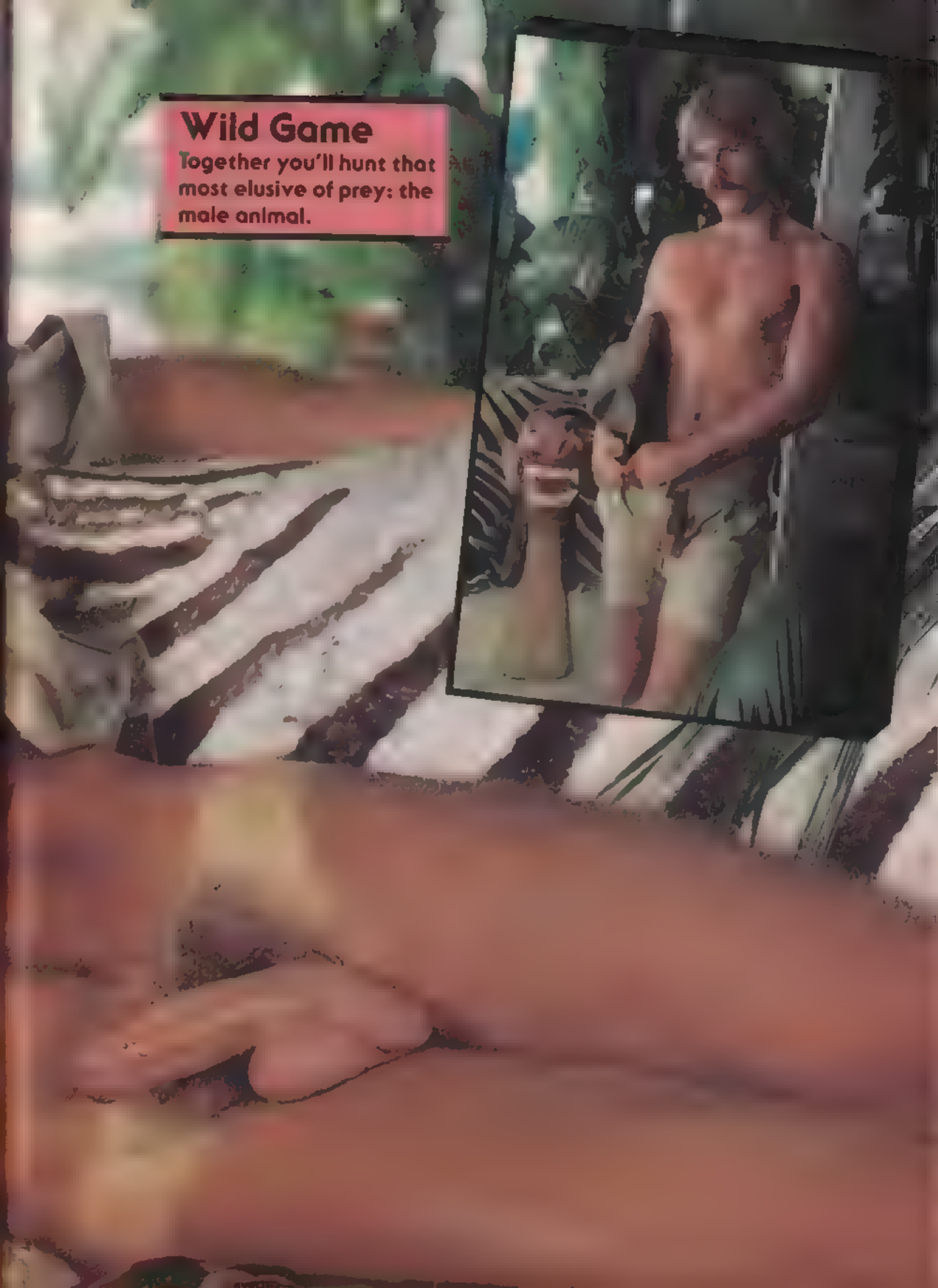
"We've got everything pretty well covered," began Bud regretfully.

"You don't have a 69 in the pack," said Joey triumphantly. "If anyone gets a winning hand containing a 6 or a 9, I'll be glad to pay."

The four pals smiled at each other. "Welcome to the club, 69," said Bud.

But Popeye got the last word. "Don't brush up on your card game," he growled. "We enjoy it too much when you lose." ■

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Wild Game
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4/1/86	7/1/86

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Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751

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PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies: Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

CALIFORNIA

RETIRED FIREMAN, FOREST RANGER

seeking applicants for Volunteer Fire Dept. State your HOT qualifications and photo, to: Volunteers, P.O. Box 1155, Forestville, Calif. 94137.

YOUNGER MEN WANTED (18+)

Dad GWM, 36, 6'2", 180, br. br. beard, wants boys 18-31 into hot J/O and cocksucking to service Dad's dick. Call Al (213) 650-0720. No fat, fems.

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. PS. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

WELL HUNG B/M

Seeks same. 38, 6' 170, photo gets photo. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Honablue, 1319 Aphrodite, W. Covina, Ca. 91790.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

COLORADO

VERY SEXY SEEKS SAME

Sexy, intelligent, gdlkg stud seeks same 18-35. Photo gets mine. Box 167, Greeley, CO 80631

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611

FLORIDA

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, P.O. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

STRAIGHT ACTING GWM

57, 120 lbs. Seeks friendship and fun. Write Henry L. Land, Lot 20, 38 Brookville Dr. N., Jacksonville, Fl. 32211

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

LONELY WHITE FLORIDA MALE INMATE

23 yr. old 6'0", 170 lbs. Sincere and loyal looking for anyone with a good heart that isn't afraid to take a chance on me. Would like to share some care and warmth. William Thompson #053779, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091

GEORGIA

STUD BROTHERS

Ranchers. Clint: 40, 5'9", 160. Bi. Hairy. Salt/pepper hair/moustache. Hung 9" × 5½" around. Mike: 30, 6', 165. Straight. Tan. Black hair/moustache. Hung 8½" × 5" around. Invite letters, calls, and visits from masculine men, especially those who travel in our area regularly. Esp. truckers, hardhats, military, lawmen, firemen, and salesmen. We are for real. You be, too. WE DO NOT WANT PHONE SEX. We want the real thing. CTJ, P.O. Box 1782, Americus, GA 31709 (912) 924-4038, weekdays, 8AM–5PM; some nights 9–11PM. Ask for Clint or Mike.

SINCERE, MASCULINE, ATTRACTIVE

GWM (41, 165 lbs., straight acting) looking for friendship and/or possible relationship. PO. Box 1123, St. Simons Island, Georgia 31522 with photo.

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Seeking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

SEEKING CARING LOVER/ FRIENDS 19-30

No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

LOUISIANA

MASCULINE GWM, 23,

6', 170 lbs., straight appearing, looking for sexy young men for correspondence or encounters. Your photo and letter gets mine. Michael, Box 30153, Lafayette, LA 70503-0153.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write. DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311

MASSACHUSETTS

OLDER GWM

Wants GWM well endowed, uncut, 23-35 as son, lover, master. Into light bondage. Nude photo and phone answered first. Write Lou, P.O. Box 459, Manomet, Mass. 02345.

MICHIGAN

GOOD LOOKING GWM

6'1", 170, brn., brn., moustache, hairy. Looking for correspondence and possible meeting. Send photo, letter. If interested write c/o Jeff, PO. Box 1062, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48311-1062

MISSOURI

BODYBUILDER

Masculine GWM, 5' 10", 195 lbs Attractive, seeks same, Ages 20-35 (sexy), for prolonged cock play, etc. with yours and mine. Personal and sexy data and photos gets reply. PO Box 40305, Kansas City, MO 64141

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WM 29 5'11" 155,

into hot J/O. seeks others for intense action. Photos get mine. Box 13, Nashua, NH 03061-0013.

NEW JERSEY

COLLEGE STUDENT

Seeks same for friendship. Relationship or sex possible. Penpals OK. Box 772, Northfield, NJ 08225.

EDISON GWM COUPLE

23, 6'1", 170, smooth, brown/hazel, 32, 5'6", 145, hairy, moustache, uncut, seek UNDER 25 for visiting, friendship, and 3-way safe sex. NO smoking/drugs. Photo if possible. PO. Box 643, Edison, N.J. 08818-0643.

WANTED: BODY MAXIMUS!

Gorgeous Mediterranean type, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs. (chunky) wants bodybuilder to initiate me into the world of body worship (and servicing). Your photo gets mine. Write. POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462

NEW YORK

BIMWM

30, good looking, 155, hot & horny. Wants other hot men for safe, fun times. Discretion assured. If you're horny for dick with no hassles, contact David, Box 134 Dewitt, NY 13214.

TALL ITAL/JEWISH BIG BROTHER

Do you remember your hunky feet (size 11+) serviced by your hot brother—WM, 30, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Tony at (212) 675-7352, between 8 pm—12 mid., to meet for an explosive reunion and possibly more.

G/W/M VIRGIN

Brown/green 5'11", 155 lbs., 31", 23, looking for G/W/M 18-35 for good times. No drugs, no fats, no fems. Photo, phone (Plus) will answer all (Hurry). Write: Box Holder, P.O. Box 507, Vails Gate, NY 12584

TOP/BOTTOM

Bi/W/M 32 looking for same to have fun and explore together. Write your fantasies to PO Box 24661 Rochester, NY 14624

HOT MOUTH

craves hairy, masculine men (25-45). GWM, 31, 5'9", 150 lbs., hairy body. Handsome and hung. No cock has ever penetrated my tight butt. Looking for businessmen, preppies, athletes, married men. Send descriptive letter/revealing photo. CR, 600 W. 58th St., Suite 9150, NYC 10019

GOOD LOOKING/GWM

I am looking for a Greek or Turkish guy 19-30, good looking, to enjoy love, sex and life. I could share everything with the right person. No fats, fems, drugs, S/M. Nice cock and big welcome. Send photo. 892 Spur Dr. So., Bay Shore, NY 11706

HOT COLLEGE FRESHMAN

Attractive, gentle, sincere. Live next to Fingerlakes Mall. Seeks men up to 35 for friends, good times, sex. Possible relationship. Box 238 Fosterville Road, Auburn, NY 13021

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
BM, 40, 5'8", 140. Retired from military. I am warm, sincere, clean, healthy and straight appearing. Live in upper middle class area, with conv. 2 bedroom apt. Like to meet a guy 18-25. Will be good to the right person and take care of you. No fems, drugs, weirdos or prisoners. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583

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OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meet you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered Write. Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Arvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,
Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE
GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

GWM 37 INVITES LETTERS AND VISITS
from masculine men traveling in South Central PA. Married, salesmen, truckers welcome. Hairy chests, giant balls a plus. Denny, 510 E. Main, Apt. A, Lititz, PA 17543.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 166, Lebanon, PA 17402

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

GWM, 21
Needs lasting relationship with caring GWM, 18-25 who is turned on by overweight guys. Box 424-H, Sunbury, PA 17801

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA
GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. P.O. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL
Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER
or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. P.O. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

TEXAS

MID FIFTIES
Needs permanent YWM lover or roommate or visitors. Box 9281, College Station, TX 77840

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY
G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking. No SM/BD, Fats, Ferns, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient. Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him. Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064.

VIRGINIA

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR,
Daddy. Hairy, trim beard, hung, un-cut, 38, 5'9", 150 lbs. Sexually versatile, basically top. Reply w/photo. K. Noble, Box 13, Arlington, VA 22210. No fats, fem, or GBM

WASHINGTON

HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE
Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WISCONSIN

ATTENTION STEVE!
Received letter months ago. Couldn't answer, you forgot your address. Please write. P.O. Box 3201, Guttenberg, New Jersey 07093.

INTERNATIONAL

SPAIN
Goodlooking, moustache, 35 yrs., 5'7", masculine, looking for lustful, hot dirty safe sex and friendship with masculine hot hunky topmen. Photo gets mine. Write—Stevens, Apartado 9503, Barcelona, Spain.

HOT AND JUICY
Two beautiful, muscular sons, 24, seek wealthy father. Will travel. Reply to 80-21-10405 Jasper Ave., Edmonton AB Canada T5J 3S2.

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Very obedient, handsome boy/slave, 28, wants to hear from handsome, horny, heavily hung daddy/master for uninhibited phone action, possible meeting. Call (519) 749-0581 anytime.

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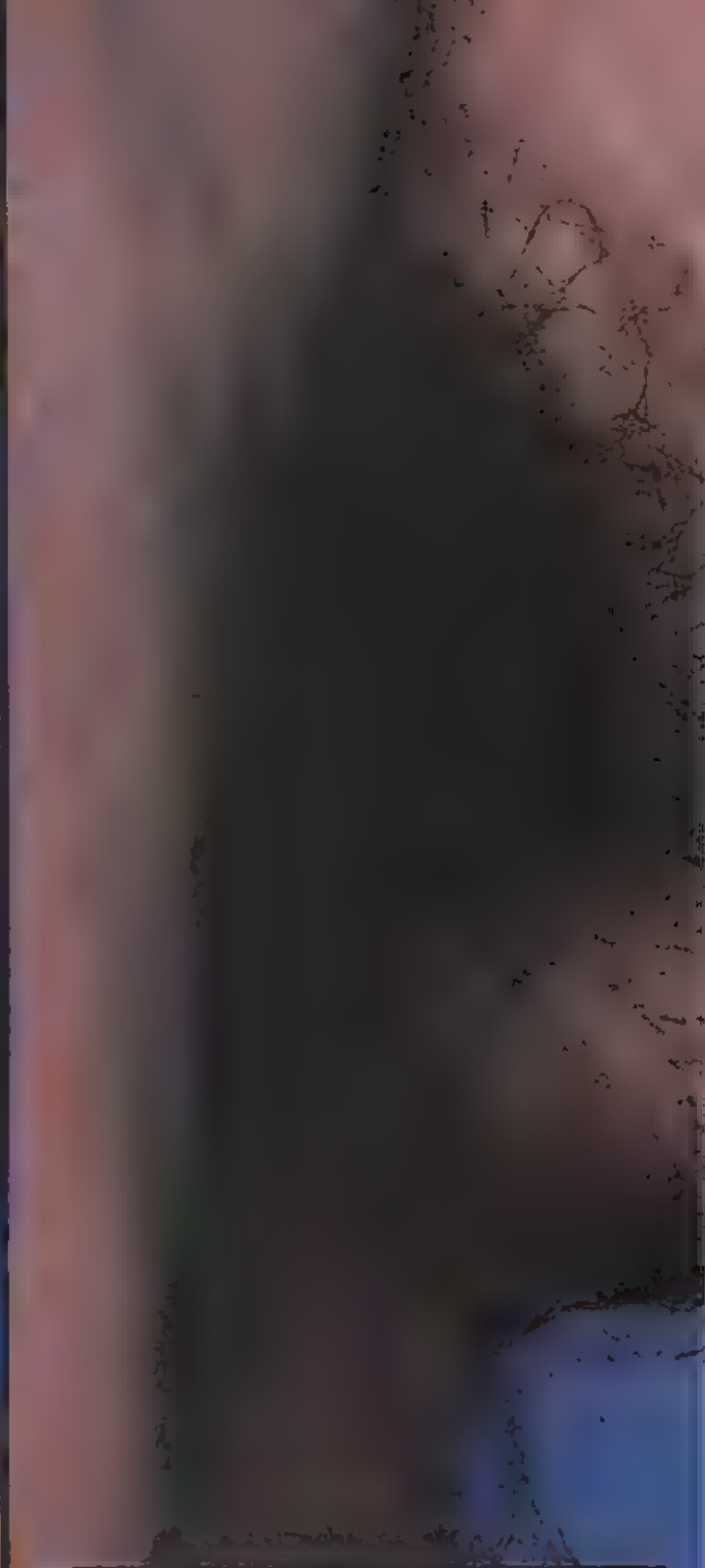

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